

I WON'T RAISE MY CHILDREN IN A SMALL TOWN

FEBRUARY 1953 20 CENTS

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



Visit a haunted honeymoon house . . . page 22



The society girl who sings with a band . . . page 18



Wear your favorite color from head to toe page 14



Our Queen's conflict . . . page 12

Now, TIDE washes clothes **WHITER** than you can bleach them!



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THAN SOAKING IN BLEACH OVERNIGHT!**

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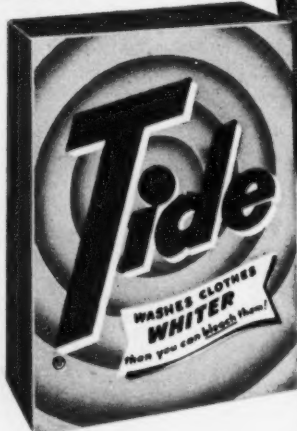
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than you
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than any kind
of soap product sold
in all Canada!

for hands than
any other
leading "detergent"!



A departure from girls, babies and food

Chatelaine Centre

About a romantic boom out West,
a paper-pinching author, an arrival
by police van and our daily bread.

The Cover. Like our new cover? Twenty years ago pretty drawings of babies and girls were the vogue on women's magazine covers. Then photographs of real babies and real girls took over. Food covers started a new trend by linking the cover with some feature inside the magazine. Down the years design has been demanding more and more attention in all forms of art, too, from advertisements for foundation garments to the pictures on your wall. Stanley Furnival, art director (right above), has now enlisted the help of illustrator Oscar Cahen to carry these interesting trends a step forward—using the element of design to transform our cover into a sparkling show window for the contents of your Chatelaine this month. We hope you like it. (However, should we come on a cake or a baby or a pretty girl we just can't resist—well, see our Spring Beauty issue in April.)



Bargain with Bolitho. Hector Bolitho, whose second article in his series on the Royal family, "The Queen's Conflict," appears on page twelve, has one eccentricity. He hates to buy paper. His desk is crammed with hotel stationery and editors mail him a few sheets at a time to keep an assignment going. Proof of this trait is a recent request: "Dare I ask Chatelaine for a present? I very much want some onionskin paper. I will send you a book in exchange."

Chatelaine considered this a good swap and the paper was sent off in the next mail. And

we've been wondering if Hector Bolitho's next book may grow out of his Chatelaine series. A leading English magazine, Weldon's Ladies' Journal, has already bought the British rights.

Westerners More Romantic? With February fourteenth nearly here we asked a leading manufacturer about new trends in valentine cards. "Humor is the coming thing," he assured us. "Over the last four years sales of our humor lines have increased twenty-two per cent." He went on to inform us that there is a definite difference in valentine tastes in different parts of the country. "The Maritimes won't go for sentiment," he said sadly. "Cards that say 'I'm Stuck on you, Sweetheart' or 'A Load of Love, Honey' don't go over with Eastern Lotharios."

"What about the West?" we asked. "Oh, out West," he enthused. "Out there sentiment sells like hotcakes!"

Police to the Rescue. Katherine Marcuse appears again in Chatelaine with "The Fearful Heart" on page twenty-one. She is a Canadian writer living in Vancouver with her husband and two small boys who express their enthusiasm these days with the word "wizard." Everything in England (where they picked up the word) was "wizard" too, right from the moment of their arrival—in a police riot car. "The train broke down. There were no taxis, so we hitched a ride with the police," Katherine explains.

Home Decorating Winners. The judges in Chatelaine's Home Decorating Contest, which offered \$1,000 in prizes and attracted hundreds of entries from all parts of Canada, have almost finished their task. See our March issue for the winners' names.

Bread and Potatoes. After February second you can be more scientific about buying bread. The government and the bakers have cooked up a new system of grading bread in seven different categories. For full vitamin value, the new "enriched" white bread and hundred per cent

whole-wheat bread are the best buy for your sixteen cents. Any loaf sold as "whole-wheat" must contain at least sixty per cent whole-wheat flour, while "brown bread" is colored by use of some whole-wheat flour, bran, molasses, etc.

Also under Ottawa's scrutiny are potatoes. An experiment is being carried out in a large Toronto chain store with bags labeled red (for baking and boiling) and blue (for frying). Tucked in each bag is a questionnaire for the housewife to fill out and mail to Ottawa.



Information Please! Chatelaine's article "Who's Right in the Great Battle of the Schools?" sparked a spirited panel discussion at the December meeting of the Home and School Association in Jasper, Alberta. The audience were armed with copies of the October issue while a panel of six parents and teachers led the discussion. (Left to right—Mrs. George Prowse, Mrs. M. L. Peterson, Jack Humphries, Miss Emily Mazurek and Mrs. Dean Tweedle. Not included in the photograph is J. H. Coldwell). The panel came down overwhelmingly in favor of the enterprise system not only for teaching skills but for character building and for general knowledge. "All we ask," said one speaker, "is that we parents be kept informed on any changes."

Chatelaine Centre offers \$5 to \$10 for humorous anecdotes. No contributions can be returned.

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P. S. Fight Tooth Decay with the new Listerine Tooth Paste—It's Clean and Fresh!

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Chatelaine



Our show window cover this month was designed by Oscar Cahen; the cover photographs—Ken Bell; Paul Rockett; Miller Services.

Chatelaine

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By JUDITH ROBINSON

Mrs. Kelly's Lily

NO DOUBT IT has a name of its own, but nothing could matter less. For those of us who remember Mrs. Kelly—and for some of us who don't—it will always be "Mrs. Kelly's lily."

Gormflaith, for instance, lately home from a visit to relatives in England, fished under her underwear in a battered suitcase, found a pillbox, opened it and poured out its contents.

"Mrs. Kelly's lily seeds," she announced with pride, pouring them back in and fitting the lid down tight. "I went up to Aunt Robin's and got them just before I left for the boat. They were blooming in her garden last summer, flowering up all the stalks like they used to in our garden at the lake. I asked Aunt Robin please to save me some seeds and here they are. Packed them under my half-slips and spread a lot of bras and things on top and had this case wide open waiting for the customs man at Halifax. He blushed nicely and chalked it right off his mind . . .

"Like my relations always told me, travel is a great educator," Gormie said modestly. Then she said, "Pooh to that," dismissing in one puff the Dominion Department of Agriculture, its prejudices and import prohibitions. "I simply have to have Mrs. Kelly's lily growing in my garden when I start one," Gormie said.

Yet Gormflaith was not born when Mrs. Kelly died. The lily is a sort of immortality.

In her own Ontario village, Mrs. Kelly had lived her life in her own house and tended her own garden and been happy in both; but she was old. She accepted, not with resignation but with a sort of merry gallantry, the sensible family decision that brought her to live with her sister in the next county.

Like a new planet, Mrs. Kelly's lily swam into our ken when she brought it, with a rose-scented peony and some of the dark blue aconite she called horse-and-buggy, out of the garden she left behind, and planted them all beside her sister's house down the lake shore from our place. She didn't plant them in the regular flower garden, but in a little one she made herself the other side of the cedar hedge near the asparagus bed in a place where Persian cats seldom strayed.

Mrs. Kelly did not care for cats. For this reason our friendship with her began under a slight cloud. Not that cats were general favorites at our place, but one had added himself to us that summer and made himself a following. He did this by trying to catch flies already caught on sticky flypapers. After you have removed a kitten from a flypaper, or a flypaper from a kitten, once or twice, you can no longer disregard him. Though there was a minority party, most of us had come to feel responsible for Flypapers, as for the feeble in mind. So on the morning when a courier came running with news that an old lady on the beach was heaving

Continued on page 56



What about your heart?

PERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trou-

ble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination every year—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—but at a slower pace. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

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Social event of the week for the white residents is a swim and a gossip each Sunday morning at Bacolet Beach, one of Tobago's many palm-edged strands.

WE MOVED TO A TROPICAL ISLAND

BY MARY IRWIN

The Irwins bought a parcel of paradise in Tobago for the price of a suburban home in Canada

WELL OVER a year ago, my husband and I sold a small suburban house in Ontario and bought a tiny estate on the West Indian island of Tobago. In terms of money, sale and purchase balanced almost exactly; in the more important terms of a healthy and satisfying life, we've gained by the exchange.

It would be silly to say we've enjoyed every minute of our new life in the tropics. There have been many times when I've wished myself back in Canada—but on far more days the clean, warm sunlight, tempered by the trade winds, has made living a joy.

We work hard in farmyard, field and garden, and get a sense of achievement from what we are doing. Beyond that, we have a comfortable and roomy house, we live in extravagantly beautiful surroundings, we pay far less for most things than in Canada, we get along with island people of all shades and we enjoy the simple recreations available.

Many things we do not like. We are remote from family, friends and even neighbors, since the nearest lives a mile away. We are also remote, I keep thinking in my darker hours, from the island's doctors, firemen and police. Shopping is difficult and roads are poor. Meat and vegetables can be a problem, hardly off-

set by the excellence of fruit and fish. We have no telephone and have to generate our own electricity.

We came to the islands for the reasons you might expect. We were tired and had both been dangerously ill; we had saved a bit of money and inherited more; our two children were grown up and capably looking after themselves. We chose Tobago because it seemed closest to our specifications for peace, climate, beauty, pleasant people and low cost of living. We bought Terry Hill, our property, because it conformed most nearly to our needs and means. Forty acres of good land came with it, partially planted to cocoa, teakwood, coffee and fruit, and rather terrifying to people whose previous attempts at cultivation had been confined to backyard tulips.

We had first taken an exploratory cruise by freighter down through the islands to Trinidad. We flew to Tobago, half an hour distant, at a grimly early hour on a January Sunday. As we stepped from the plane to the rough grass landing strip, we looked about us at what we consider today the least attractive part of the island. But then we looked at one another and said: "This is it."

They say that everyone can find his

Continued on page 6



When talk turns to important new books...

do you hear yourself saying:

"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that"

A SELF-CHECK ON YOUR RECENT READING HABITS

How many of these good new books have you failed to read in spite of your intentions?

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| The Old Man and the Sea | —Ernest Hemingway..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Caine Mutiny—Herman Wouk..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Giant—Edna Ferber | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Silver Chalice—Thomas B. Costain..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Witness—Whittaker Chambers | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Matador—Barnaby Conrad | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Houses in Between—Howard Spring..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Hunter—J. A. Hunter..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Big Change—Frederick Lewis Allen..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Beyond the High Himalayas | —William O. Douglas..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Cruel Sea—Nicholas Monsarrat..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Magic Lantern—Robert Carson..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Catherine Carter—Pamela H. Johnson..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Journey to the Far Pacific—Thomas E. Dewey..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Lincoln and His Generals—T. Harry Williams..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Sinner of Saint Ambrose | —Robert Raynolds..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Winston Churchill—Robert Lewis Taylor..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Melville Goodwin, USA—John P. Marquand..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Collected Works of William Faulkner..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Return to Paradise—James A. Michener..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Mature Mind—H. A. Overstreet..... | | <input type="checkbox"/> |

How membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club keeps you from missing the new books you are most anxious to read

THE SELF-CHECK you have made may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

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YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always pro-

vided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

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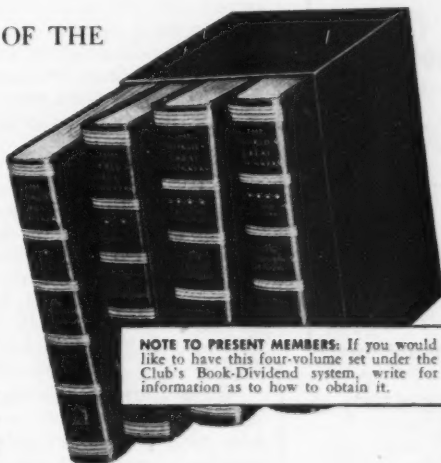
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*"We have scorpions
 and ants—but we
 grow bananas in
 our own backyard"*

Continued from page 4

own special island among the varied Indies. We never for a moment doubted that this was ours.

On the night before we returned to Canada we learned that Terry Hill was for sale. We bought it by correspondence for the equivalent of twelve thousand Canadian dollars, sold our small suburban home near Toronto for about the same price, wound up our affairs and returned to Tobago with a bargain-bought lighting plant, a kerosene refrigerator, an oil stove, too much of our furniture, a car we should have sold instead, and a dog.

Tobago, long and lean and only a hundred square miles in area, thrusts its nose into the northeast trade winds within clear-day sight of the large, bustling oil-island of Trinidad. The equator is only eleven degrees south, but the trade winds blow reliably and refreshingly throughout ten months of the year so that here in the hills our thermometer has never been above 85°—or below 72°. (The barometer, however, can do some fancy antics at times, with marked effects on tempers and temperaments.) There are only two seasons, dry and rainy, but neither is extreme. Storms are nothing much, because we're south of the hurricane zone.

Tobago offers some of the best and most varied swimming in the world and has so many beaches that we can usually count on a half-mile stretch of palm-fringed sand for our own exclusive use. It seems probable that when Defoe wrote about Robinson Crusoe he used a current pamphlet about Tobago for his descriptions of a typical tropic island. Two local people feel strongly about this and like to dress up in goatskins and walk the beaches with a negro holding a goatskin over them and wondering how crazy the whites can get.

Fewer than two hundred whites are numbered among Tobago's twenty thousand people, but they are very important to the black and colored (mixed) majority because they provide many of the jobs and much of the innocent merriment. Tobago folk are known and indulged for their eccentricities. "We're all a bit crazy," they say with a degree of pride and considerable truth.

All the white people work hard, the planters and professional men at their jobs, the others at their hobbies or at schemes—occasionally practical—for padding out the modest incomes most of



Mary Irwin raises chickens and sells surplus eggs to the Tobago hotels.

us enjoy. There were the young British officers who used their discharge money to set up as beekeepers. Unfortunately none of them had ever kept a bee before, except in his bonnet. Nursing their stings, they retired to Africa, where they were last reported running a dry-cleaning shop in Tanganyika. There was the sausage-fancier who tired of the canned kind, decided to make his own and then, as his vision expanded, started a sausage factory turning out mile after mile of superb links. Everybody loved them, for so good were they that the manufacturer lost four cents on every pound he sold. As an artist he refused to reduce quality, and as a sausage-lover he refused to close his factory while his money lasted.

As for the natives, they are in the main a hard-working, law-abiding and independent people. If you own a front door, you can safely leave it open when you go out for the evening. There is plenty of pilfering of fruit, eggs, or odds and ends left lying around, but no important larceny. The great virtue instilled into every child is courtesy. To call a man rude is a graver insult than to call him a thief.

The village of Mount St. George lies on the coast below us, and certain of its families have had for generations a non-legal but universally recognized claim on whatever advantages they can draw from Terry Hill. The Toney and the Cupids and the Griegs pasture their cattle and make their market gardens there, paying us—usually in labor—the nominal rent that the law prescribes. The patriarch of the Hannibal clan still rides his donkey up to cut a load of fodder for his pigs and goats. Hector Waterman repairs our pipeline and Hector Truckdriver hauls our heavier supplies from Scarborough, the little island capital.

For casual labor we look to these families, paying an above-average wage of \$1.20 (Canadian equivalent, for convenience) a day for field work and \$1.50 for something specialized like carpentry. A houseboy and a yardboy are well paid, by local standards, at three dollars a week. The laundry goes out to a village woman who charges three dollars a month, plus soap, charcoal, starch and blueing. However, I still do my own cooking as I have always done, with the addition of bread-baking.

Continued on page 58

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



PERSONALLY, I think food stores and markets are the most romantic places in the world . . . with shelves, bins and cases laden with foods from exotic, far-away places. You'll find dates and figs from North Africa, olives from the sun-drenched hills of Italy, rare spices from the Orient . . . and wondrous seafood from our surrounding oceans. So when you shop, "tour" the world . . . on the magic carpet of your imagination. But, now, let's go "shopping" . . . with Buy-Lines!

WANT TO TURN YOUR YOUNG MAN'S FANCY to thoughts of love . . . and Y-O-U? Then bear in mind . . . men are partial to pretty hair. So look in the mirror . . . and if yours is dry, brittle and lack-lustre take a tip from John Robert Powers, famous beauty authority, and switch to KREML Shampoo. He recommends it to all his models . . . for



KREML Shampoo has none of the harsh, drying ingredients used in many shampoos. Instead, it's enriched with natural oils . . . helps keep hair lustrous, silky-soft and satin-smooth. I can promise you, too, that KREML contains a special softening ingredient that lets it lather freely even in hardest water. And here's another reason why Powers Models depend on KREML Shampoo and why I join John Robert Powers in recommending it so highly . . . its special cleansing qualities bring out all your hair's natural highlights and make it sparkle with gloss and glamorous sheen. However, only seeing is believing . . . so try KREML Shampoo today and see how much lovelier your hair looks tonight.

MY WOMAN'S INTUITION tells me that you'll be as enthusiastic about the wonderful B.V.D. Nylon Tricot Shirt as I am . . . for it needs no ironing and is as easy to wash as a pocket handkerchief! That's right . . . you just dip it into lukewarm suds, hang up and presto! It dries crisp-collared . . . ready to wear without the touch of an iron.



And the fused collar and cuffs never wilt . . . stay good-looking for the life of the shirt. I can assure you, too, that the B.V.D. Nylon Tricot is smart and comfortable in all kinds of weather . . . as practical for business as social wear. And don't worry about the price . . . for though it costs \$12.95, it saves so much on laundry bills that it soon pays for itself . . . as well as outwears old-style shirts many times over! So pamper yourself and Friend Husband . . . by getting him a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot. P. S. The same high quality of materials and workmanship that make the B.V.D. Nylon Tricot such a success is also found in a wide range of B.V.D. Broadcloth and Sports Shirts.

A WORD TO THE WIVES whose husbands have to make frequent or occasional trips in winter . . . encourage him to fly by TRANS-CANADA Air Lines. That's what I always do . . . for it's not only the fastest way to travel, it's restful, too! You see, snow seldom blocks



the airways . . . TCA flights go through even when earthbound transport is snowed under. Furthermore, the ace TCA pilots tell me that flying conditions are at their best in winter . . .

the air is smoother, radio reception is clearer and aircraft perform far better in cold, dense air than in balmy summer! But, of course, TCA Skyliners fly high . . . way above the weather whatever it is. And it's so restful to relax in the club-like atmosphere of a TCA Skyliner . . . you reach your destination completely fresh. Best of all . . . when he flies TCA he comes home sooner. So next time your Mr. Who has to make a trip, think of all this . . . and suggest he go by TCA. It's such a wise thing to do . . . for both of you.

IT'S REALLY NEW! It's completely different from any other pen! I'm pleased and proud to tell you about the first Jewel Point Pen, WATERMAN'S Sapphire. The finely-ground synthetic sapphire point writes without pressure. The gold-filled barrel is light as a feather and has space for engraving. The retractable



mechanism locks the Jewel Point in writing position—or releases it—instantly. The point stays clean and protected inside the pen when not in use. And it writes a clear, fine line with new ink that won't smear, smudge, fade or transfer. WATERMAN'S Sapphire is packaged like a fine jewel—a superb writing instrument for you, the perfect gift for a man or woman, boy or girl. You'd expect such a pen to be expensive . . . but it's only \$5.95! See it now at your WATERMAN'S Dealer. Be among the first to own—the first to give—the newest in pens, WATERMAN'S Sapphire, the first Jewel-Point Pen.

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR PROPHESY . . . and I predict that once you try SWEET CAPS with cork tips you'll like them as much as I do. Here's the reason for their wonderful mildness . . . only a fresh cigarette can be truly mild! And Sweet Caps are rolled fresh



and sold fresh . . . so the mild top quality tobaccos stay mild. What's more, after trying all the other leading brands, I've

reached one conclusion . . . only Sweet Caps give me the flavour and taste I want in my cigarette. I like their extra wide band of satin-smooth, genuine imported cork at the tip, too . . . so smart-looking and so-o-o smooth to your lips. Of course, you'll find lots of cork tipped cigarettes, but remember . . . Sweet Caps are something extra special because they're truly mild. But prove it to yourself . . . by trying Sweet Caps with cork tips today. One puff and I'm sure you'll agree with me . . . they're simply wonderful!

AT LONG LAST . . . a car designed with all the things we women have in mind! I mean the new HILLMAN MINX . . . for it's the last word in economy, roominess, safety and beauty. To begin with, you get more car per dollar when you buy it . . . and more miles per dollar when you drive it. And talk about



space . . . why, you can easily sit four moppets on the broad back seat and even Daddy Long Legs slides easily under the steering wheel . . . not to mention the extra room for all the groceries you'd need for a whole week. The HILLMAN MINX is safety-first, too . . . boasts tough British all-steel construction and brakes that really stop you when you want them to. And you can park on a "dime" . . . glide in and out of traffic with the greatest of ease. In addition, the Rootes Overseas Delivery Plan lets you buy your HILLMAN MINX here and have it delivered promptly almost any place in Europe . . . and even shipping back home freight free can be arranged! But visit your Hillman Dealer . . . learn all about it first hand.

GET YOUR FREE COPY of "BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Magic Recipes" . . . for it's one of the most wonderful recipe booklets I've ever had. Tells you how to make 70 sweet-to-eat treats . . . all speedy, easy and penny-wise . . . many even require no cooking!



Just listen:

Pies that will open your eyes . . . Frostings that can't fail . . . Desserts that are different . . . Cookies that almost make themselves . . . jiffy-fix Puddings . . . success-sure Custards . . .

miss-proof Candies . . . Sauces with velvet smoothness . . . and many, many more.

What's the secret? They're all made with that "magic" ingredient . . . BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's nourishing whole milk and sugar . . . already blended for you to creamy-smooth perfection. That's why it saves you time, work and money . . . yet makes every dish taste richer and more delicious. So thank BORDEN'S for offering you this priceless booklet **FREE** . . . and write Nancy Sasser, Dept. C-2, 50 King St., W., Toronto for your copy. And do it . . . today!

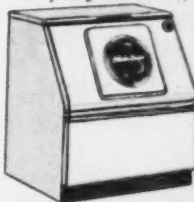
I HAVE A WONDERFUL NEW "RECIPE" for the best cakes that ever baked . . . yet it's quick, easy and economical . . . as well as failure-proof! Here's all you do . . . just empty a package



of OGILVIE All-Ready Cake Mix into a bowl . . . add water, stir and bake. You don't even have to add a fresh egg to Ogilvie Cake Mixes . . . for Grade A eggs, milk, pure vegetable shortening and all

the other wholesome ingredients are already in the mix! What's more they're accurately measured and scientifically blended for you . . . then pre-tested to insure perfect baking results. And I do mean perfect . . . a cake so high, light and luscious, so smooth, fine and fluffy it fairly melts in your mouth. I'm not the only one who thinks so, either . . . the best cooks I know tell me that an Ogilvie All-Ready Cake Mix is their favorite "recipe," too. And you'll "second the motion," I'm sure . . . so I suggest you get several packages of each kind when you shop next time.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED . . . you needn't be a washday "drudge" or risk exposure by drying the family wash week after week all winter long. It's really so unnecessary . . . for with a WESTINGHOUSE Electric Clothes Dryer you can escape washday work and weather worries completely! That's because it dries your clothes automatically . . . you just load it, set it and forget it!



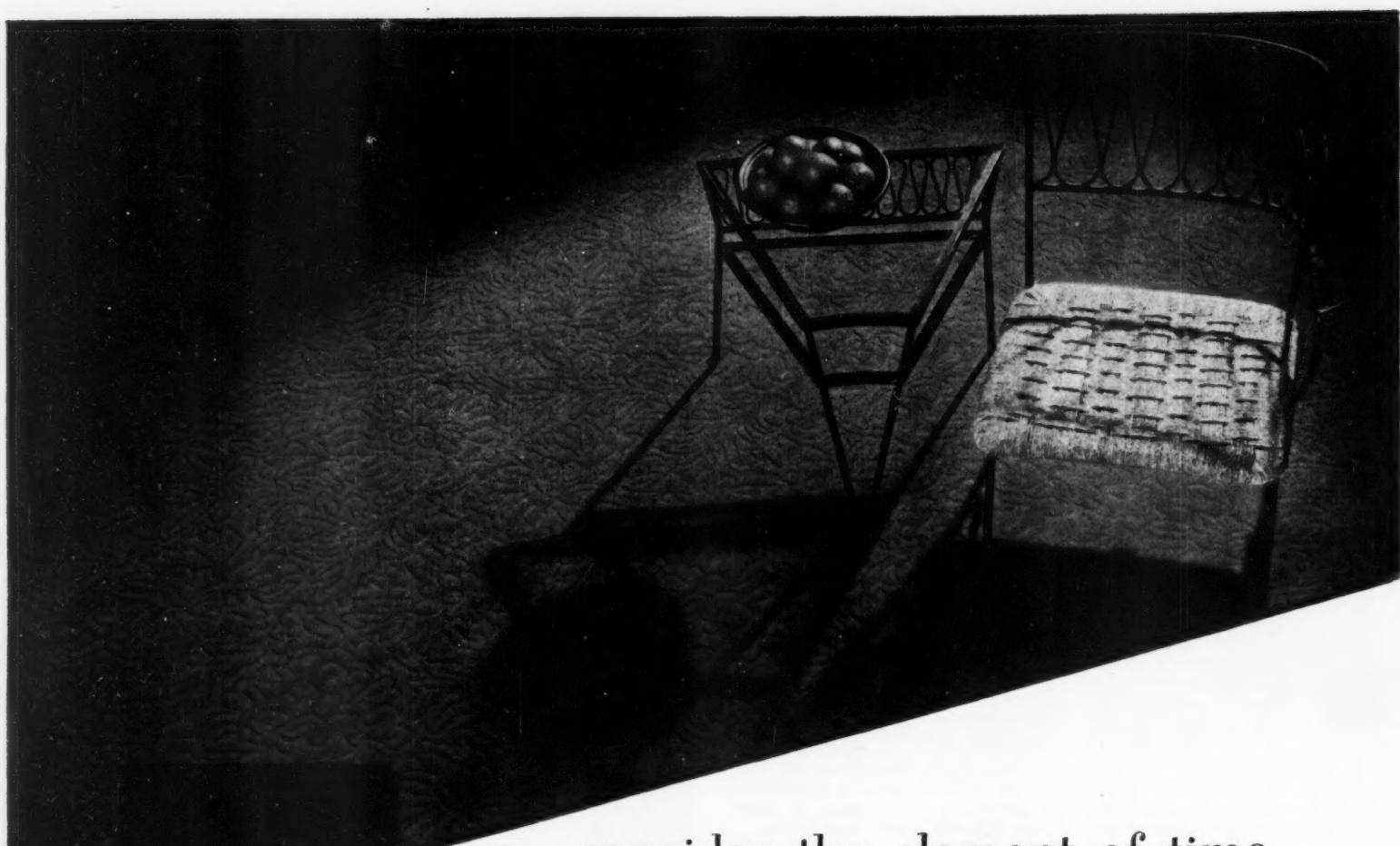
Your WESTINGHOUSE Clothes Dryer does the rest . . . dries every piece sunshine sweet, ready to put away . . . or you can take items from the Dryer already dampened

evenly for ironing. I'm not alone in my enthusiasm, either . . . most women I know tell me that it's the equipment they want most for their homes. Want one, too? I'm sure you do and you can easily afford it . . . for only a few dollars will put a WESTINGHOUSE Clothes Dryer in your home tomorrow and you can pay for it on terms to suit your budget. So don't take chances with your health . . . see your Westinghouse Dealer today!

WONDERS NEVER CEASE . . . and "VINYLITE" Plastics prove it. Why, there are so many wonderful things made with "VINYLITE" these days that it's hard to believe some of the new effects . . . unless you see them. Take the new deep-embossed Domolite piece goods made of "VINYLITE" for instance . . . here are some of the most beautiful drapery materials I've seen in



many a year . . . and they're washable. Best of all, the highly distinctive patterns simulate much more expensive fabrics . . . and their upkeep over the years is just about nil. Naturally you don't have to iron them or send them out to the cleaners, either . . . and they never, never fade. And you should see the way they dress up any room in the house . . . but, once again, words can't do them justice. So whenever you shop for drapes, for vanity sets, for bed spreads and dozens of other items, take my tip . . . see the exquisite new Domolite prints first. You'll be glad you did.



consider the element of time
when choosing your broadloom

Harding Silhouette . . . A luxurious, high pile Saxony Wilton Broadloom in solid colours of green, grey and mushroom (above), with sculptured carving effects. In 27', 9' and 12' seamless widths.

Style, colour, depth of pile, closeness of weave . . . these are among the things you look for in buying a broadloom. Just as important is the element of *time* . . . how long your broadloom will continue to look beautiful and give satisfying service.

Look for the Harding label . . . your assurance of service and beauty that will last a long, long time.

Harding Broadlooms are available in all-wool weaves or exciting new Harding blends.

Write to Harding Carpets Limited, Brantford, Ontario, for information on where you can purchase Harding Broadloom in your community.

Harding Bramble-Twist . . . Each wool tuft is woven through the back and securely locked-in for greater strength. Loomed to last by skilled Canadian craftsmen. In 27', 9', and 12' widths—green, grey and sandalwood.

loom creations by

Harding

DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY HARDING CARPETS LIMITED, BRANTFORD, CANADA
 Also manufacturers of fine hand knitting yarns



I WON'T RAISE MY CHILDREN IN A SMALL TOWN

By JACK POWERS

NOT LONG AGO, I realized my fondest dream. I moved my wife, my ten-year-old son and twelve-year-old daughter to a quaint, quiet, elm-vaulted village in Western Ontario and settled down at a rolltop desk in a small firm to talk about crops and quilting parties, crack homely jokes, and cultivate my own little patch of folksy philosophy. It was going to be just like all the books and articles you read about living life as it should be—in a small town. But the really important thing was that my kids would have a chance to grow gardens and freckles, build rafts, discover caves, steal apples, go barefoot, live and grow under the bright blue sky and develop a sense of values as sound and sturdy as a cedar hedge.

That was three years ago. If you happen to see a man standing smiling at a traffic cop at the busiest corner in downtown Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver or Winnipeg, listening to the sound of traffic as if it were a Bach fugue, and ecstatically inhaling the heavenly scent of carbon monoxide gas diluted by expensive perfume, cigarette smoke and the subtle smell of wet pavement, it will be me. You'll know that I have my wife and children tucked away cosily in a brightly lit modern city bungalow on a street where people hardly know their neighbors.

I haven't done it yet, but I'm going to. From now on, whenever I see a picturesque village, I want to be able, just as the sun is setting behind a field of wheat, to fold up a motor robe, put the pie plates back into the picnic basket and go home—to the city.

Not that I've lost any of my love of the hills, the fields, the elms, the song of birds and the peace of the countryside. It is the life that goes with it that I can't take, and I hope my children will never have to take it. I wouldn't let my youngsters grow up in a small town for all the pumpkin pie in rural Canada. I'll trade in all the sunsets, chestnuts, spired churches and every feed-store philosopher from here to Concession

Continued on page 62

You may not agree with this Canadian father, but you'll want to read his reasons

**IT WAS BITTER TO
REALIZE HE WAS
JUST ONE OF HER
BARGAINS . . . THAT
SHE HAD CHEATED
TO GET HIM**

I've always loved you

by
Lenora
Mattingly
Weber

THE DAY ALWAYS had an exciting lift for Ben Jessup when he could think up an excuse to stop by for a late-afternoon cup of coffee with Mary in the big, shabby kitchen of the Ault home. He sat there now while the percolator bubbled and Mary clattered about. She was still in her green corduroy jacket, for she had just come in from her day of teaching.

During this whole March day of biting wind Ben Jessup had mentally rehearsed the phrases which would put his doing of a favor for Mary on an old-friend-of-the-family basis so that Mary couldn't recognize the favor as such.

Mary apologized, "I lit the gas oven to warm up the kitchen. The house is a regular deep freeze with the furnace acting up."

Mary picked up the coffee pot and then, finding it too hot, half dropped it and said an apt cuss word while she grabbed for a pot holder. Her words came wrapped in a laugh—"If you had a mustache this coffee would dye it." He thought fleetingly of the pale liquid his wife, Georgia, served him and how when he mentioned its weakness she always defended, "But I put in three measures."

Georgia's measures were pitifully scant; Mary's rounded and running over.

He stirred sugar in his coffee with a figure-eight motion. He was a building contractor with forty-two workmen, and three listings in the telephone book—office, city residence, summer home in the mountains—but he still had a workman's strong, callused hand.

His very first job, just thirteen years ago, had been building an addition to this house. Through the kitchen door he could see the knotty pine walls of the office he had built for Mary's Uncle Matthew. That was when Uncle Matthew's Little Princess mine was behaving generously, and Uncle Matthew had said in his big-mining-man way, "Never mind the cost."

That was when Ben Jessup had first met Mary. "Pink," Uncle Matthew called her, and it suited her, not so much because of her red hair but because of a pink glow about her.

He loved her then and he kept on loving her when Uncle Matthew, during that rich-lode period, outfitted her handsomely and sent her

up to the university where at Christmas time she married a young literature professor, Jon Blakely, and the next year bore him a daughter named Laura—soon changed to Lollie. He kept right on loving her when four years later he, himself, driven by despair and loneliness, as well as chivalrous pity, married Georgia. He'd been a fool to think you could turn off love for Mary and on for Georgia like a water faucet.

He'd thought that going to war would cure that old, young love of his. He came back to Georgia to find that Jon Blakely was dead, and Mary and little Lollie were living with Uncle Matthew in the old Ault home. Mary drove back and forth to a girls' school on the edge of the city to teach music. And took care of Lollie and the gone-to-seed house and Uncle Matthew—and the Little Princess mine.

For the Little Princess gave and the Little Princess took away. She had built this house for Uncle Matthew, but her diamond drilling at five dollars a foot would have taken it away if Ben Jessup hadn't, unknown to either Mary or Uncle Matthew, bought up the mortgage from the bank.

Today Ben could do something more for Mary. It was touchy business, this not letting Mary guess he was easing the jolts for her. God knows there was nothing clandestine about it. Usually the optimistic old Uncle Matthew was about, telling how in another ten feet he'd "be in." Usually eleven-year-old Lollie, who had Mary's own wide, disarming grin, was there taking in every word.

Ben Jessup sipped his coffee with the excitement of doing for Mary. He asked, "Where's Uncle Matthew today?" Mary was bent over, yanking off her toeless pumps and shaking sand out of them. He added accusingly, "Did he take your car again? And you had to walk all that long way to the bus from school. How long will he be up at that hole in the ground?"

"He'll be back tonight. I sent Lollie with him. I told her to keep plucking at his elbow so as to get him home this evening. Otherwise he'd putter up there for days."

He said, his voice carefully casual "Oh, by the way, Pink, remember *Continued on page 29*



*He picked up one of the letters
from the drawer he'd just unlocked.
What could Georgia have to hide?*

Illustrated by Jack Bush



THE QUEEN'S

**How can one
woman fulfill
the dual role
of monarch and
of mother?**

by Hector Bolitho

KING CHARLES I said, toward the close of his life, "A subject and a sovereign are clean different things." This remains true even of our own constitutional monarchy, adapted to the needs of the twentieth century. Unless we recognize that Queen Elizabeth II is different from ourselves—because of her inheritance and because of the spiritual and religious implications of the Coronation service—we are missing the point and the purpose of having a sovereign.

We may or may not enjoy the present-day tendency to treat royal persons as if they were film stars; to drag their most private acts into the limelight in an effort to prove that they are as ordinary as ourselves. I find the fashion repulsive: I do not wish to be the subject of a monarch who is merely my equal. I look for a standard of duty, ethics and example which I myself can never achieve. All the meaning of kingship, and of accepting the inspiration of an anointed sovereign, lies in this difference; this fact that "a subject and a sovereign are clean different things." Mr. Gladstone gave a hint of this in Victorian times, when he wrote of his Queen, "Parliaments and Ministers pass, but she abides in lifelong duty, and she is to them as the oak in the forest is to the annual harvest in the field."

If we citizens of the Common-

CONFLICT

wealth are sure that we wish to continue as monarchists—while most of the world believes, with H. G. Wells, that “the stuffing has been knocked out of princes”—if we are sure of this wish, we should understand, first of all, the unique conflict that the Queen might have to endure: the conflict between her royal self as a crowned monarch, and her human self as a woman, a mother and a wife.

To come to this understanding, let us make a quick flight through history. From ancient times—we find an instance in the story of Alexander the Great and his father—monarchs have found it impossible to be natural and human in the relationship with their heirs. This hostility between simple parental affection and concern over the frightening responsibility of training a child to rule, reveals one of the saddest themes in the history of monarchy. We find it in all countries, in all ages. The seemingly unnatural antagonism ruined the relationship between Frederick the Great of Prussia and his father. We find the same antagonism, increased to passion and hatred, in the history of Indian rulers; and I saw it at work in our own time, between King Abdullah of Jordan and his heir, Talal—two men otherwise gentle, charming and kind.

The same conflict runs through English *Continued on page 36*





Flame moods on a redhead—striking evidence that red can be her best color. Late-day separates in a daring combination of reds with monotoned pink-into-red accessories. Hammered satin skirt, pink velvet bodice and cummerbund by Sportrite Junior.



Pale tropic beige for a champagne blonde, highlighted with monotoned costume jewelry from sunlight gold to deep lustrous bronze. The belted and buttoned wool coat dress with deeply draped three-quarter dolman sleeves and wide shawl collar is by Carol Dean.

Now fashion says to wear shades of your favorite color from head to toe . . .

Emerald taffeta and sequined net on a jet-head teamed with monotoned accessories from palest lime to forest green illustrates how strong colors show to best advantage against a background of creamy complexion and black hair. Gown is by Ricky Formals.



Royal blue ensemble by Cornelia for afternoon-to-late-day, is accessorized with monotoned blue and sets off to perfection the soft sophistication of a silver-haired matron. The dress features a petal neckline, contour belt and deftly controlled flare in the skirt.



Let your best color take over

BY ROSEMARY BOXER, Fashion and Beauty Editor

YOU'VE ALWAYS MADE the most of your favorite color with contrasting accessories . . . now you can *wrap* yourself in your best color from head to toe by accessorizing with graduated shades of the *same* color.

Fashion calls it styling with monotoes.

If you wear lots of yellow, your present accessories may be in black or cocoa brown . . . but imagine yourself in the tropic beige coat dress across the page, accessorized with lemon-yellow strap sandals and costume jewelry shaded from sun gold to deep lustrous bronze. Nor need you stop before you've topped your one-color ensemble with a glowing champagne hair rinse.

For cosmetics are making color headlines, too, producing new hair rinses that literally match your curls to your costume, and can be changed

almost as casually as you would choose a new shade of nail enamel or a new hat.

Thus the older woman who prefers the youthful flattery of blue, can have the added glamour of a silver-blue hair rinse.

A red rinse gives dull auburn hair a livelier role in our red-on-red treatment of the glamorous evening separates in which the pale pinks blend and soften the intense reds.

A jet rinse was used to lend drama to our dark brunette, whose lime-to-forest-green accessories have the same softening effect on her rich emerald taffeta.

These new rinses are the most revolutionary hair-coloring agents to appear on the market for years. They're the answer to a problem faced by many women today who aren't satisfied with

their natural hair color. It is difficult to decide until you have actually tried it, which shade will best suit your particular coloring and personality and you are naturally cautious about making a too-permanent change that you may regret. With these new rinses, however, you can transform your hair shade quickly and simply—and wash the new color right out again with a single shampoo if the result is not what you hoped for. Then you can go ahead and experiment with another shade.

And for new date-hour glamour, regardless of your age or the color of your hair, spray or paint on at your most attractive angle, the new gold or silver hair lacquers shown in the bottom row of pictures on this page. They brush out at bedtime just as easily as they go on.

. . . and color your hair to match as casually as you would change your hat

Spark a fading carrot top with a red rinse. All rinses shown shampoo away. Come evening, paint your curls with a gold hair lacquer.

Champagne rinse to put effervescent youth into dulled blond curls. For evening, add brushed-on side sweeps to a swept-up coiffure.

Jet rinse to bring out unexpected sophistication in the dark brunette. Late-date witchery in the artful placement of silver "wings."

Silvery vixen-blue rinse to mask yellowing or salt-and-pepper grey. An all-over feather-spray of silver hair lacquer for a formal evening.



Photos by Paul Rockett
All shoes by Parisienne

4 X 11 =

BASIC FOODS

SAVORY SAUCES



RICE MOUNDS WITH CHOP SUEY



SPAGHETTI AND TANGY SAUCES



MACARONI IN CHICKEN ITALIA



NOODLES WITH SHRIMP CREOLE

44

DELICIOUS DISHES

THE SAUCES

Chili Spaghetti
Chicken Italia
Salami Skillet
Savory Corn Sauce
with Ham Patties
Shrimp Creole
Veal Curry
Italian Sauce
Chop Suey
Tuna Almond
Tangy Sausage
Liver à l'Italienne

COOKING TIPS

1. For 3 cups cooked rice use 1 cup raw rice.
2. For 2 cups cooked spaghetti use 4 ounces raw spaghetti.
3. For 2½ cups cooked macaroni use 1 cup raw macaroni.
4. For 1½ to 2 cups cooked noodles (amount depends on size of raw noodles) use 1 cup raw noodles.

CHILI SPAGHETTI

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| ¼ cup olive or salad oil | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| ½ clove garlic, minced | ¾ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | ¼ teaspoon paprika |
| ¼ cup chopped green pepper | 1 teaspoon chili powder |
| ¾ pound minced beef | ½ cup chopped celery |
| 1 (20-ounce) can tomatoes | ½ cup chopped parsley |
| 1 (6-ounce) can tomato paste | 4 cups cooked spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni |

Heat oil in large skillet. Add garlic, onion and green pepper. Cook 5 minutes, then add minced beef and brown lightly. Add tomatoes and juice, tomato paste and seasonings. Simmer the sauce over low heat for 1½ hours. Add celery and parsley. Cook slowly for another half hour. Pour sauce over hot spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni and top with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6 to 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SAVORY CORN SAUCE WITH HAM PATTIES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups ground ham or luncheon meat | 1 cup grated nippy cheese |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 tablespoon prepared mustard |
| ¼ cup chopped onion | 1 (14-ounce) can kernel corn, drained |
| 2 tablespoons bread flour | 2 cups cooked spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni |
| ½ teaspoon salt | |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | |
| 1 1/3 cups milk | |

Divide ground ham in 2 portions. Form 6 small ham balls with one portion. Keep remaining ham for sauce.

Melt butter or margarine in top of double boiler over direct heat. Add onions and cook for 5 minutes. Then remove from heat and add flour with seasonings. Blend well. Gradually add milk. Then place over boiling water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add ½ cup grated cheese and blend. Add mustard, remaining ground ham, corn and spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni. Pour mixture into greased 1½ quart size casserole. Arrange ham balls on top and sprinkle remaining ½ cup cheese around balls. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serves six.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHICKEN ITALIA

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 (14-ounce) can spaghetti sauce |
| 1 garlic bud, minced | ¼ cup hot water |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | 2 (7-ounce) cans jellyfish chicken |
| 3 tablespoons bread flour | OR |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1½ cups cooked diced chicken |
| ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | 3 cups cooked spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni |
| 1 (10-ounce) can cream of chicken soup | |

Melt butter in heavy skillet. Add garlic and onion. Cook until soft. Combine flour and salt, then gradually stir into hot mixture. Blend. Add Worcestershire sauce, chicken soup, spaghetti sauce and hot water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add chicken, cover and simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pile hot cooked spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni on a platter and pour over Chicken Italia Sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: If desired, ¼ cup white table wine may be added with soup.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SALAMI SKILLET

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup mushrooms, sliced | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 tablespoons bread flour | 1 cup cooked green beans |
| 1 (20-ounce) can tomato juice | ½ pound sliced salami, cut in thin strips |
| 1 bouillon cube | ½ cup grated nippy cheese |
| ½ cup hot water | 3 cups cooked spaghetti, noodles, macaroni or rice |

Melt butter in skillet, then add onion and mushrooms. Cook for 5 minutes or until tender. Sprinkle flour over mixture in pan and blend well. Gradually add tomato juice, bouillon cube, hot water, Worcestershire sauce and seasonings. Cook for 25 minutes. Be sure the bouillon cube has dissolved. Add beans and salami, then simmer for 20 minutes. Just before serving add cheese and stir until melted. Pour sauce over hot mounds of spaghetti, noodles, macaroni or rice. Serve immediately. Serves four.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FOR SEVEN MORE SAUCES SEE PAGE 59



DOE-EYED MARIE-HELENE CHEVRIER ENTERTAINS TORONTONIANS WITH SOULFUL FRENCH LOVESONGS.

The society girl who

THE ROYAL YORK'S IMPERIAL ROOM OFFERS DANCERS DECOROUS
SOPHISTICATION, INCLUDING A CONVENT-BRED CHANTEUSE WITH
A JUDGE FOR A FATHER AND A PASSION FOR COWBOY SONGS

By JUNE CALLWOOD

AMONG THE DAYDREAMS beloved by young girls is the one concerning the girl vocalist with an orchestra . . . in a gilt and marble ballroom filled with gorgeously dressed people . . . the men in the band clustered protectively around an exquisite figure in silk net and sequins . . . the music growing softer as a pink spotlight shines down and the girl singer rises and moves to the microphone . . . she sings—and then the algebra teacher thumps a pointer on the blackboard and the illusion vanishes.

Because it possesses such a ballroom, and a pink spotlight as well, Toronto's Royal York Hotel is the goal of thousands of ex-algebra students and is accordingly the most demanding employer in the land. The hotel pays its

singer no more than the going rate elsewhere but requires her to dress like a princess; it asks her to play the role of a nitespot chanteuse, but holds ladylike deportment more divine than a thrilling contralto.

The hotel lately has found an almost perfect object for its affections in Marie-Hélène Chevrier, a small doe-eyed Canadienne who is convent bred, strictly reared and as unlikely to flirt with the middle-aged businessmen who frequent the dance floor as she is to drink her coffee from the saucer. Moderately blue-blooded, she is the daughter of an Ontario supreme court justice who when she first became the girl with the Royal York band insisted on a hired chauffeur and Cadillac to escort her home from work.

Marie-Hélène now takes a taxi home and rides to work



Work starts at 9 p.m. in her private room at the hotel.



Each of fifteen gowns costs at least a week's salary.



THE GIRL WHO ONCE AIMED AT OPERA NOW RUMBAS WITH BOSS MOXIE WHITNEY, CLOWNS "FRIENDSHIP" ...



... TURNS IN A RED-HOT CHARLESTON NUMBER AND MUGS HER WAY THROUGH "WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME."

sings with a band

about nine o'clock at night on a streetcar. One night when she was buying a lipstick in a drugstore in the hotel's basement she overheard two men discussing her. "That's the girl who sings with the band in the Imperial Room," she heard the younger man say. There was a pause while the older man regarded her gravely, taking in her flat shoes, her sweater and skirt and the collegiate beanie on the back of her head. Marie-Hélène kept her face impassive. "Couldn't be," the man stated emphatically.

This negative type of recognition amuses Marie-Hélène, hugely but she would never betray her laughter publicly for decorum is the first virtue required in a musician at a Canadian Pacific Railways hotel. The esteem the hotel has for the breeding and good taste of the Chevrers is mutual. A year and a half ago when Marie-Hélène was informed that her audition to sing at the Royal York had been approved she was consumed with Gallic rapture.

"Parents!" she cried, in the French equivalent. "I am going to sing with a dance band."

Her father, Mr. Justice E. R. E. Chevrier, turned the page of his book imperturbably. "You are not," he observed calmly.

"But father," cried the anguished girl, "it is at the Royal York."

"Oh," said her father, "in that case . . ."

Mr. Justice Chevrier's views on frivolity and youth are sharply defined. During the recent war he commented, for publication, that if the younger generation was to run the world after the war was over it would be better to lose the war. His colleagues suspected they could stir up his choler by referring to his daughter's new employment.

"How do you like having a daughter singing with a dance band, eh, Edgar?" one of them enquired.

Chevrier was ready. "If Winston, Harry and Vincent don't mind their relatives being in show business, why should I?"

The night that Marie-Hélène made her debut, in June of 1951, she looked about twelve years old, though she was twenty-two. Her hair was in bangs and her small body trembled in her stiff ballerina gown. The leader of the hotel's summer replacement band, Johnny Lindon, was also making his debut, was almost as young and just as terrified.

"They were green as grass and so nervous everyone knew it," recalls the hotel's

Continued on page 42

PAUL ROCKETT PHOTOS



Day starts late with Marie-Hélène in leopard pyjamas.



She presides demurely at afternoon tea with Maman.





The fearful heart

BY KATHERINE MARCUSE

Illustrated by Oscar Cahen

SHE WAS IN a strange mood. She walked along Piccadilly and thought, if I were home, in Vancouver, I'd know what to do. I'd go up the mountain and let the winds blow this feeling away . . . this queer unsatisfied feeling just when she should be happy. After all, the letter and cheque in her purse ought to be enough. Yesterday the words, "First prize in our photography contest," and "We enclose our cheque for twenty-five pounds," had seemed like a key to a new and enchanted land. But now, walking along the street on a bleak November day, it seemed like a key without a door.

Perhaps it was her mother's fault. Her mother had been pleased, of course. But then she had said brightly, "Now you can get that new winter coat you need, but be sure it's waterproofed, and do choose a serviceable color."

Anne's best friend, Kathy, had been full of advice too. "Now you can buy a really *gorgeous* dress," she cried. "After all, now that you're through school it's about time you started having dates. You're funny, Anne. Don't you think about boys at all?" Her eyes had fallen on Anne's camera, lying on the bed. "You can't be married to a camera," she teased. "Don't you ever dream of falling in love?"

"No," said Anne shortly, "I don't." She couldn't say, "I've seen what love is like. I'm going to keep myself free. Love lived in our house for four years . . . it put a ghost there."

That was her sister's story. Elaine had fallen in love—in the desperate, wild, strange way people fell in love in the old poems—near the end of the war, with an air force pilot. He had been home on leave in Vancouver; when he

and Elaine were together a sort of dazzle of happiness surrounded them. Then he had gone back. Anne knew she would never forget the look in Elaine's eyes when he had been reported missing.

For four years Elaine refused to believe he was dead. Then her father's work had taken them all to England. While Anne was in boarding school, Elaine had met a Swedish businessman, had married him, and gone to live in Stockholm. Anne found it hard to believe. Had Elaine fallen in love again? She couldn't tell. There had been no chance for them to talk. Now, she thought, if only I could see her again, ask her . . . Is love always like that, seizing you, leaving you no control over your life, so that nothing else matters?

She stood still, in the middle of the sidewalk. Why shouldn't I do what I really want with this money? That's what I've wanted, to go to Stockholm. To sail the North Sea, and talk to Elaine.

Her feet were flying now, her uncertainty gone like fog before the wind.

In the travel bureau, the clerk smiled at her breathlessness. Yes, there was a boat today, then none until Saturday. The boat train left at five . . .

Impulsively Anne put down her money, then wondered if she should snatch it back. Wonderful to gallop through the day, with just enough time to rush home, grab clothes and camera, write Elaine. But it might take longer to convince her mother that a trip need not be planned for days in advance.

"It'll be a wild rush," she admitted.

Behind her a voice said, "It's more fun that way."

She turned. A tall fair

Continued on page 43

She knew all the perils of falling in love on a boat . . . but even if she was going to regret it, she couldn't help going overboard for the first man she met



Leslie and Isabel Brandon and the house as it was when they bought it in 1944.



The Bride's Home as it stands today on a hill overlooking Midland. With the exception of shutters which the Brandons added, this is how it must have looked when Samuel Frazer finished it.

THE HAUNTED HONEYMOON HOUSE THAT BECAME A SHOWPLACE

Tourists have discovered a treasury of early Canadian furniture in this century-old log home beside Georgian Bay, built for a bride who never crossed the threshold

BY DORIS McCUBBIN

Photographed by Ken Bell

ALMOST ONE HUNDRED years ago a young Irishman bought a small piece of land in northern Ontario near the shores of Georgian Bay, chopped down the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot white pines that towered overhead and fashioned by hand, from floor to shingles, a seven-roomed log house for his bride.

Today the house still stands on a hill overlooking the bustling town of Midland. The present owners, Isabel and Leslie Brandon, have dressed it in keeping with its age in old Canadian furniture throughout, and every year from all over Canada and the United States hundreds of people come to see it. After almost a century its solid construction and stately proportions would still delight any home-seeking bride,



Samuel Frazer built the house.



Amelia Jeffery never entered it.

But the girl for whom the house was built never stepped over its wide inviting threshold, never lit the fire under its handsome hand-carved mantel, and never tucked her children into bed in the spacious low-eaved nursery upstairs.

No friends ever lifted the heavy iron knocker nailed on the front door by the

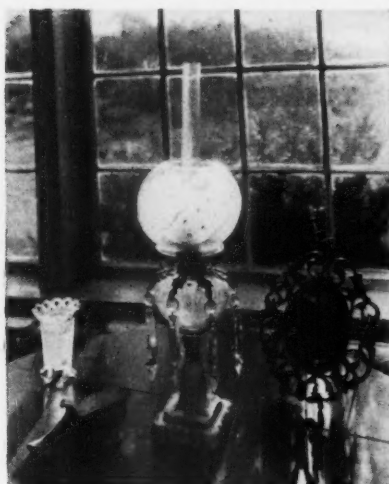
hopeful groom so long ago. A bitter quarrel on the bright June morning that was to have been the wedding day caused the house to be shut up, cold and empty for many years, with dark rumors circulating about the country that it was haunted. Later, it fell on even worse times when an ever-changing succession of tenants covered the beauty of the logs with paint and clapboard and took no trouble to give it the care and love it deserved.

The bridegroom who built the house was Samuel De Burgh Frazer, a square-set, energetic young man who had come to Canada with his mother and five brothers from Ireland in 1839. He was the nephew of Michael Macdonnell, who had been private secretary to Lord Selkirk in the

Continued on page 24



U. E. Loyalists brought this comb-back chair and Terry clock to Canada.



One of twenty oil lamps that Isabel Brandon has wired for electricity.



Bonnets were kept in the deep side drawers of this 100-year-old chest.

Visitors can see adze marks on the beams in the living room. The furniture was collected over many years by the Brandons.



Restoring the Bride's Home cost \$15,000

Hudson's Bay Company and later cleared and farmed the first lot in the Midland district.

Samuel, destined to become Midland's leading citizen and earn himself the title of "Squire," built the house for his fiancée, Amelia Jeffery, the slim, eighteen-year-old daughter of another prominent early Midland family.

He intended the house to be the tallest and handsomest log house in the whole of Tiny and Tay townships. All winter he toiled chopping down the four-foot-thick giant white pines that were to be the walls. He hauled them by long sleigh to the place he had selected to be the site of the house.

The house was to be "modern," and "modern" in 1858 meant two stories high with logs that had been squared off, not left round. His tools were simple—a broad axe for chopping down the trees, an adze to square the sides, and his bare hands. Today, in the living room of the Brandon house you can still see Samuel Frazer's adze marks on the big beams across the ceiling.

The logs for the walls were forty-two feet long and eighteen inches square. The Squire morticed them at the corners and the spaces in between were "stabbed" or filled in with chips of wood and then a mortar of lime which was made in the district, mixed with sand.

The floor boards were two feet across and two inches thick, cut and smoothed by a local wood-working machine driven by horse power. The nails were big pieces of iron, with square heads and shanks. The floor was left in the natural

golden shade of the freshly planed pine. Painted floors were considered a Yankee affectation by early Canadian pioneers, and Canadian women cleaned their floors with water, sand, a splint broom and plenty of elbow grease.

The Squire hacked out big "dolly" pegs as thick as his own forearm in the eighteen-inch walls to secure the window and door frames in place. He had eight hundred panes of glass for the windows cut in the district from big discs shipped from Toronto. The roof shingles were all shaved off by hand and put in place with mortar.

Inside, the walls were paneled in pine. The mantels for the fireplaces, the rail on the stairway off the central hall, the window sills, were all hand-carved. The door, set in a frame of little glass panes fashionable at the time, was probably shipped up from Toronto. The Squire even whittled out with a knife six-inch pegs and fitted them into a board just inside the front door as coat hangers.

When the two fireplaces built from local stones were finished, the ceremony of "hanging the crane" took place. An iron bar was placed in the chimney of the dining room fireplace with hooks from which to hang cooking pots. A fireplace in those days was the centre of family life for heat, cooking, light and social life. Once lit, the fire was seldom allowed to go out because matches were scarce.

The day the house was finished, the Squire marked the occasion by placing a local news-

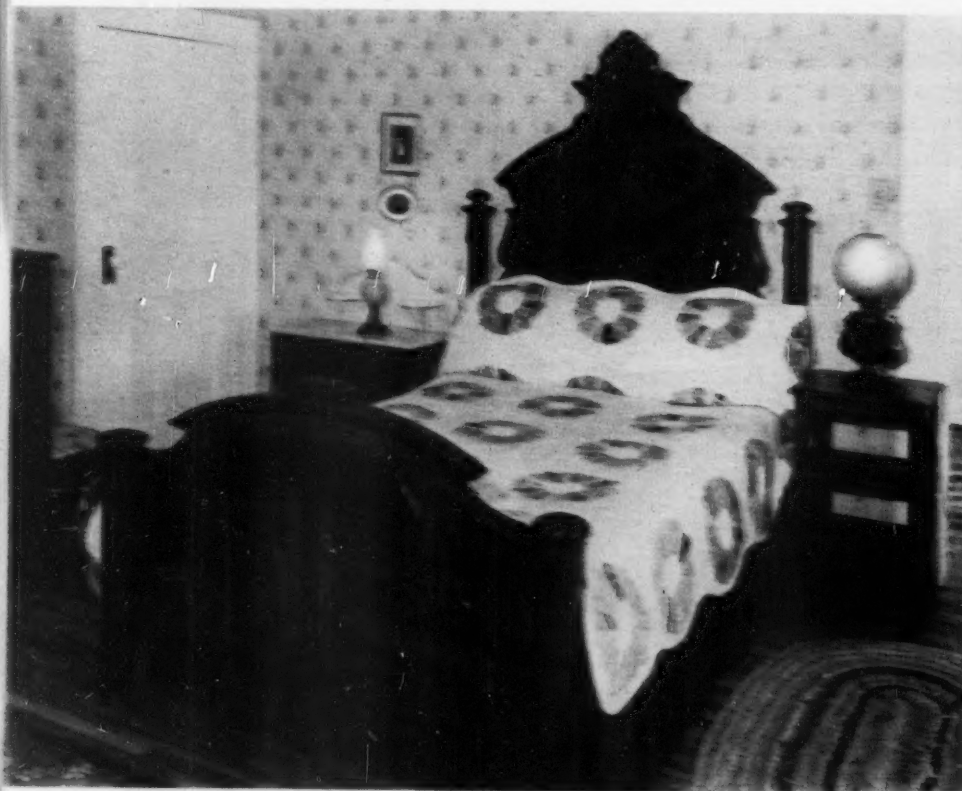
paper, The Collingwood Enterprise, between two logs just to the left of the door.

Almost a century later this paper was discovered by the present owners, the Brandons, still intact though slightly stained from rain. From it we learn that the Squire's house was finished on June 17, 1858. The paper—which is bigger in size than newspapers today—gives us a glimpse back into world events of a century ago. Disraeli was denying before the House of Commons in England that there had been a "rupture in negotiations with the Emperor of China." Napoleon III was said to be in financial difficulties. Five hundred Russians were killed in a war with the Circassians. Money was reckoned in pre-Confederation Canada in pounds, shillings and pence, and financial news was brief but descriptive—coffee was reported to be "steady," molasses "active," beef "firm" and pork "quiet."

There is no record of how the Squire furnished his new house but he probably fashioned most of the furniture himself and had other pieces made in the district. Almost certainly there was a drop leaf table with long leaves that nearly touched the floor—a trend noticeable today in drop leaf tables. There were probably rush-bottomed chairs, a rocking chair, a deep-drawered chest, and perhaps a bed Samuel had shipped all the way from Toronto to Collingwood on the new Ontario, Simcoe & Huron railroad completed in 1855, and then hauled by cart over the bumpy country roads. *Continued on page 26*

This massive walnut bedroom set was made by Jacques and Hay of Toronto, one of Canada's earliest furniture makers. The patchwork quilt was made in Midland.

Handmade bustle-back chairs and cupboard are over a century old. The mahogany dining table is by Jacques and Hay.





HOT SOUP 'n' Crackers! Mmm, Good!



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY *Anne Marshall*

They just naturally go together! The crispness . . . saltiness . . . crunchiness of crackers and the fine flavor—robust or delicate—of hot soup. Try serving big bowls of satisfying soup with a tempting assortment of crackers, cheese, celery and some red, red radishes, icy cold. "Mmm. Good!" the family'll say.

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP pairs well with crisp, golden crackers. Its mellow goodness has been a family favorite for a long, long time. Plenty of tender chicken and delicious egg noodles in rich broth. It really hits the spot.

GREEN PEA SOUP likes crackers that are salty. This soup is a year-round favorite and, in the winter months especially, mothers welcome its high-energy goodness. That rich pea flavor's wonderful!

VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP and crunchy crackers are fine together. Here's another hearty cold weather soup. A regular "square meal" soup—to warm 'em up. And fill 'em up too! Watch the bowls come back for more.

Tomato Rarebit

SOUP AND CRACKERS MAKE IT POSSIBLE

They'll cheer when this delicious, easy dish comes on the table . . . rosy and piping hot!

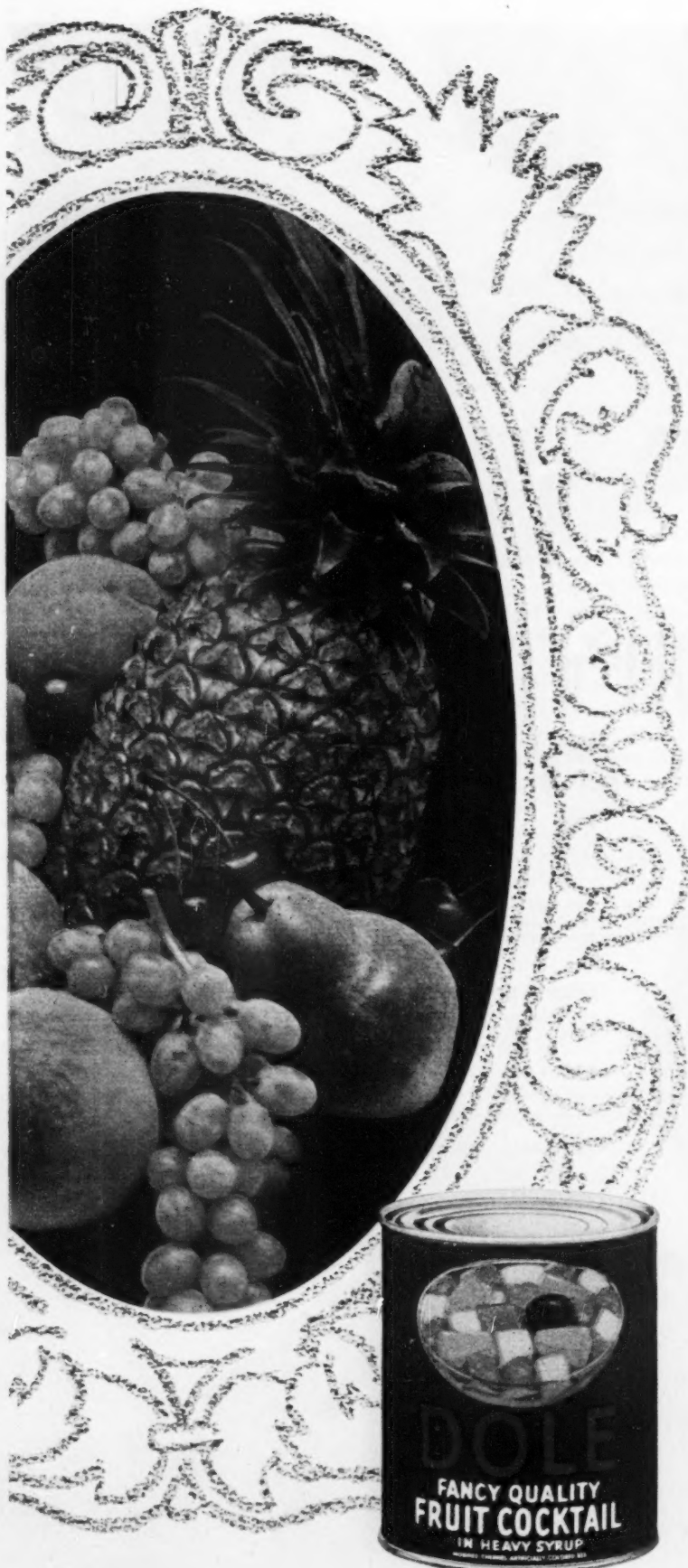


- 1 can (1 1/4 cups) condensed tomato soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup shredded sharp Canadian cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Combine ingredients in order given. Heat slowly, stirring constantly, until the cheese is melted and the rarebit is thickened. Serve on crisp crackers. Garnish with water cress, if desired.



A good cook keeps a full soup shelf



A perfect picture—of what's waiting for you

in the big blue can of Dole Fruit Cocktail! Five luscious fruits, picked at their firm and perfect best—whole pears and peaches, gem-cut, juicy cherries, seedless grapes, wonderful Hawaiian pineapple! Picture yourself enjoying it, soon!

LOOK FOR THE DOLE LABEL ON TRUE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE—THE TREASURED ISLAND FRUIT

Continued from page 24

During the time the house was built Amelia had been working on patchwork quilts, hemstitched sheets, braided rag rugs, towels and curtains.

On the morning of the June day that was to see the biggest wedding of the county, the Squire hitched up his buckboard and rode over to the Jeffery house to check the final arrangements for the wedding. Sophia Jeffery, his prospective mother-in-law, came out on the porch to meet him, playfully saying, "You can't come in, Sam—mustn't see Minnie before the wedding, it might bring bad luck." After a few remarks about the weather the Squire said that he had asked the Anglican minister to perform the ceremony.

At this Sophia became flustered. "But our minister is going to marry Amelia, of course," she explained. The Jefferys were staunch Presbyterians. Edward Jeffery, Amelia's father, who built the first store in Midland, also constructed the Presbyterian church.

But the Squire was a man who spoke his mind. "I'll not have a Presbyterian minister," he exclaimed. "I wouldn't consider myself properly married."

Sophia grew white at this. "In that case," she said with icy calm, "Amelia's father and I are not married by your standards and Amelia is not fit to be your bride." And with that she turned on her heel and slammed the door.

The Squire, a stubborn, fiery-tempered man, flung himself in the wagon, whipped up the horse and rode off in a towering rage.

The wedding was off.

In spite of entreaties from friends and from Amelia herself, neither Sophia nor the Squire would yield. The house which became known as "The Bride's Home" was left empty, the furniture gathering dust. Amelia folded her trousseau away in a trunk along with the quilts, sheets and teatowels she had spent so many hours embroidering.

The Squire prospered. He grew a fine full beard and acquired much land in the district. In time he was elected reeve of the townships of Tiny and Tay. When Midland was incorporated in 1879, Samuel Frazer became its first reeve and held that position as the town's leading citizen until his retirement.

But in all those years he never married.

Neither did Amelia Jeffery. She lived to be ninety-three—a gentle, wistful old lady who could never be brought to speak about her old romance.

For years the two old lovers never spoke to one another when they chanced to meet but once, just before his death, the Squire came face to face with Amelia in Midland's main street. This time instead of passing he stopped her and after awkwardly enquiring for her health the stubborn old Irishman was heard to say in a voice 'usky and hesitant with emotion, "We made a mistake, Minnie."

Both lived to be over ninety but religion separated them even in death. Amelia lies in the cemetery at Penetanguishene. But the Squire himself is buried in the Midland cemetery.

Today, in the Huronia Museum in Midland you can see the nightgown that Amelia Jeffery stitched by hand for her wedding night. Made of fine cotton, it has no less than four square yards of tiny tucks and eyelet embroidery. Also

on display is a half slip (waist measurement twenty-two inches) that was part of her trousseau, with sixteen solid inches of tucking and eyelet work. Every one of the thousands of tiny stitches were taken in vain for neither of these garments was ever worn.

The house finally passed into the hands of a nephew of the Squire. The old logs were covered up with clapboard and a front porch was added. It was rented to dozens of different families. The pine paneling was covered with paint. The uncared-for floor became scuffed and worn.

After the Squire's death the house was said to be haunted. Strange scraping noises were supposed to be heard at night. No one would live there. Schoolboys made a target of the glass windows and broke all but three of the original panes.

The house built with such high hopes seemed to have a curse hanging over it. But better times were ahead.

The House Climbs a Hill

In 1913 a young woman named Isabel Buchanan arrived in Port McNicoll, near Midland, and a year later married the Port McNicoll bank manager, Leslie Brandon.

He became the first manager of the Royal Bank in Midland in 1919 and the Brandons moved there, where they raised their family of two daughters and one son.

Often as they passed the Bride's Home Mrs. Brandon sighed over its neglect and wished that she could do something about it. But almost twenty-five years elapsed before the Bride's Home and the Brandons came together.

When Leslie retired he planned to move to the country and, although he had taken an option on another house, something prompted him to make an offer for the Bride's Home. It was accepted. They decided to move it north about half a mile to a hill overlooking Little Lake where it would have a commanding view of the town of Midland and surrounding countryside.

"Although we got the house originally for a few hundred dollars," Isabel Brandon says, "the process of putting it together again proved to be much more expensive than we ever dreamed due to postwar scarcities of labor and materials. We kept account of costs for awhile and then decided we would be happier if we did not know the exact amount, but we know we must have spent around fifteen thousand dollars on it altogether."

Two years of laborious work were spent having the old house carefully taken down and reassembled. Everything that could be saved from the original building was preserved—all the original window and door frames, the three remaining panes of glass, the mantels, the flooring, the door knocker (now a little stiff and black with age), even the hand-whittled coat pegs Samuel Frazer had made almost a hundred years before.

Thirty gallons of oil were soaked up by the dry old logs to help preserve them, and when reassembled they were left without the clapboard so that their mellow tone—now the color of a fine old violin—was revealed.

The old flooring was worn concave in spots and all the knots in the wood stood out. Mrs. Brandon tried to have them planed down but no lumber company would do the job for fear of hidden

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The famous tempting flavour and colour that make babies so fond of Gerber's Strained Foods will assure

your baby's enjoyment of Gerber's Junior Foods, too! And of course you'll find the consistent, high quality that you and your doctor have come to expect from the trustworthy Gerber Baby!

Vegetable Bacon Dinner	Carrots	Peaches
Vegetable Beef Dinner	Applesauce	Plums with Tapioca
Vegetable Chicken Dinner	Apricot-Applesauce	Chocolate Pudding
Vegetable Lamb Dinner	Pears	Pineapple Pudding
Mixed Vegetables	Pears-Pineapple	

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Babies are our business... our only business!
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4 CEREALS • 23 STRAINED FOODS • 14 JUNIOR FOODS

Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada

nails that would rip their machines. Finally she had to be content with new floors laid over the old.

The original stones crumbled like powder when the fireplace was taken down and new stones were collected as much like the original ones as possible. The old paneling in the living room was too defaced to be used, but the Brandens scoured the countryside, found another old house that was being torn down and bought its pine paneling.

Instead of homemade mortar, modern

mortar was used, and Mrs. Brandon insisted, of course, on a modern kitchen and a bathroom.

But in almost every other respect and in all the main construction—doors, windows, logs, stairway—the house is just as it was nearly a hundred years ago when Squire Frazer finished it.

Mrs. Brandon is a lover of old things. She first got started on the collecting habit soon after her marriage when a cousin presented her with an old sideboard. Since then she and her husband

have rarely missed a sale of antiques or an auction for miles around.

The Bride's Home is furnished today with a pleasant blending of different periods of Old Canadiana furniture—a fashion that is rapidly becoming more and more popular in homes in this country, as people realize how well designed were the tables, chairs, chests and beds of our pioneer forefathers.

The French Colonial period is represented in the Brandon house by a clock that once belonged to Mrs. Brandon's

mother. The United Empire Loyalist period can be seen in a Comb-back Windsor Chair and a Terry clock with wooden works now ticking into its second century. The Victorian influence can be seen in the gracefully proportioned Lady's Chair that sits beside the fireplace in the living room, the massive Jacques and Hay bedroom suite and dining room set, marble-topped tables and a three-cornered cupboard where she keeps her glass collection.

Some of the most interesting pieces of furniture in Mrs. Brandon's house were gifts. The old clock with wooden works was given to her by a man whose grandfather had owned it. He told her, "You like old things and I know you will take care of it."

Mrs. Brandon loves old furniture and she has done much of the work of refinishing and restoring it herself. The cherry dresser with its deep "bonnet" drawers that stands at the top of the stairs she found stored in a garage behind a Midland home, covered with burlap and black with dirt. She scraped it down, carefully restored the white porcelain knobs and refinished it in the original cherry. She herself has wired over twenty oil lamps for electricity.

At times she has resorted to straight old-fashioned barter to get what she wants. She once swapped an old gun for a lamp she had her heart set on. Another time, while driving in the country, she saw a French-Canadian woman spinning. She stopped the car and asked if the woman would sell her handmade spinning wheel. A price was struck. The woman slipped off her yarn and Mrs. Brandon piled the spinning wheel into her car and drove off.

"I'm against converting things, though," she is quick to assure a visitor. "I don't like babies' cradles being used for firewood, for example." But she has used the bottom of an old wool winder as an attractive end table, and on it rests a butter bowl which was hollowed out by hand from half a bass log and used to knead butter. Mrs. Brandon keeps her knitting in it.

But no matter how many milk plates, wool carders and candle molds she collects, the house itself is still Isabel Brandon's chief pride. Situated as it is in the historic Huronia country, it is natural that people from all over Canada and the United States who visit the Martyr's Shrine just two and a half miles away should hear of the Brandon home and ask to see it. "So far we haven't found visitors too much of a problem," Isabel Brandon says. "We love the old house so much we like to show it off to people who are interested in old things."

When asked how she feels about housekeeping in a log house a hundred years old, Mrs. Brandon claims it is no more trouble than the most modern home. "It was built on such spacious lines," she says, "that it fits modern life very well."

"Of course I always say I'm living in a crooked house. Nothing is really in line because it was all handmade. I know how crooked the floor is when one of my five granddaughters spills something on it."

"But when I look up at the rough beams and run my hands over the nicks in the mantel I can almost hear the house telling me its story."

It is a story with a happy ending at last for a house that was begun with such hope almost a century ago. +



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No other spread can match the wholesome, spring-sweet flavour of Good Luck Margarine... that special flavour only Good Luck's exclusive sweet-churning can give.

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Good Luck is good for you and your youngsters. No other spread contains more Vitamin A and wholesome nourishment!

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Get-
GOOD LUCK

THE SWEETER,
FRESHER MARGARINE!



I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

Continued from page 10

my telling you about remodeling the old Barker mansion? We ripped out the furnace to put in automatic heat. So I'll send over the old grate by one of my workmen. I think it's the same size as yours that's falling apart." . . . Think? He knew right well it was, because he had taken the serial number of the Ault furnace and shopped all over town to find a grate to fit . . .

"Honest, Ben? Why, that'd be a godsend!"

"This Ernie who's bringing it over can put it in for you."

"We could pay for his time." We, she always said. As though Uncle Matthew contributed.

"No need of that," he said swiftly. "I have to keep the guy on my payroll. He'd just be killing time till I get in some parts."

There now, he had put over the grate and the fixing of the furnace. "I told Ernie to load it up and bring it over this evening. Oh, and he'll have a little wood, too, I thought you might use in the fireplaces. A lot of door frames and pillars I ripped out of the Barker house. Had one of the men saw them into short lengths."

A moment of suspense with Mary demurring, "Couldn't you use the wood in your own fireplace at home?"

"No, Georgia says a fireplace is dirty. No, if you can use the stuff, I'm glad to get it cleared out."

He relaxed. The coffee had an extra aroma. He said, just to feed his inner satisfaction, "Is Lollie eating better since her tonsils were yanked out?"

"Um-hmm, like a stray pup." Mary's laugh was the barometer of her feelings, and now she laughed soberly. "Ben, wasn't that just like an answer to prayer—the doctor calling up and saying he'd take them out for free if I'd let some medical students look on?"

. . . That *bad* taken some finagling. Mary's telling him that the throat specialist asked a hundred dollars to take out Lollie's tonsils. And then he, Ben, conspiring with him so Lollie could start school minus tonsils and Mary minus the nagging worry . . .

The wind lifted leaves from the trees; they snickered against the windows like sleet. Mary glanced out the window. "Maybe that's Uncle Matthew and Lollie."

But it was Ernie with the truckload of fireplace wood and the furnace parts. Ben gulped down his coffee. "Guess I'd better show him where to put the stuff in the basement." He'd better warn Ernie again not to let Mary know that the grate was new.

Ernie was a friendly, loquacious stub of a man, and now he repeated what he had told Ben before; that he had a job lined up down south. "I just don't like this cold that gets in your bones. So if you hear of anybody'd like to buy my car—it's a hell of a good buy."

Ben said absently that he'd keep it in mind, and went on his way exhilarated with triumph.

Georgia was home when he walked into his one-story, ranch-style house. He knew from her pleased excitement and the green-wrapped package on the cobbler's bench that she had been to a sale.

All food, no waste



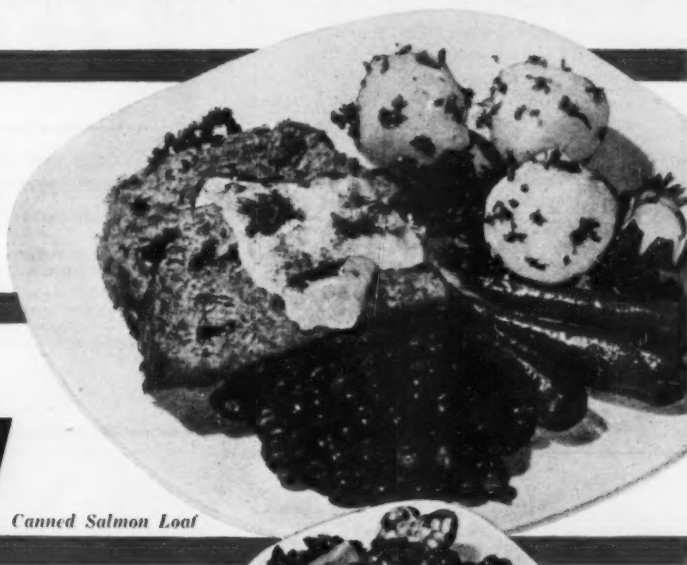
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ways!

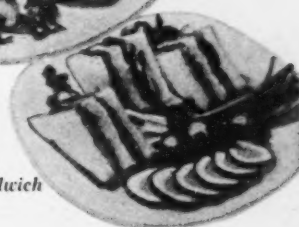


Canned Salmon Loaf

Canned Salmon Croquettes



Creamed Canned Salmon



Canned Salmon Sandwich

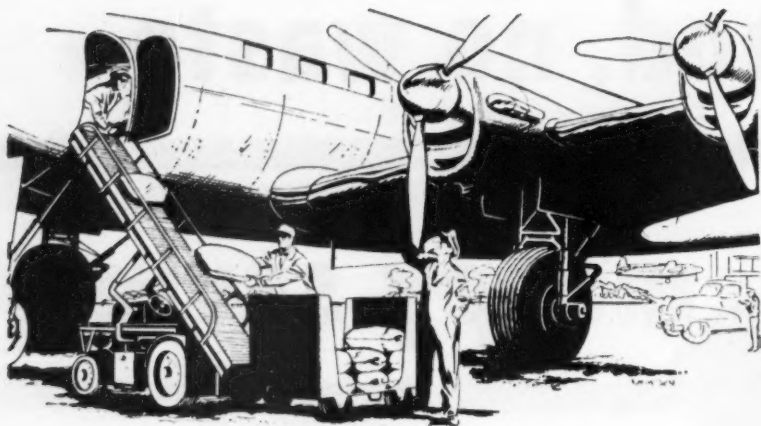
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Try This Canned Salmon Prize Winner

CANNED SALMON LOAF—Scald milk, add crumbs and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg yolk and cook over hot water (double boiler) for 5 minutes, still stirring. Cool slightly, stir in flaked salmon, seasonings, lemon juice and rind and finally fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into well greased dish, set this in hot water and bake for ¼ hr., in 350-375° F. Serves 4.

2-½ lb. Cans of Salmon,
flaked
1½ cups milk
¾ cup bread crumbs
3 eggs, separated
2 tbsp. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. lemon rind
Salt and pepper



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He didn't know why Georgia's mania for bargains riled him so. A newspaper to her was only something to carry ads. She bought antiques, too. That would be fine if she had any sentiment or appreciation for them, but her only joy lay in acquiring one cheap. Take that old cherrywood spinet between the windows. Her fingers never touched the keys to bring out its thin wistful melody. But it delighted her soul that she had hoodwinked its indigent owner into parting with it for thirteen dollars. "Imagine, and it's old as the one in the museum."

She said, "I've got a casserole in the oven. It'll be ready as soon as you read the paper." Casserole again. A few bite-sized chunks of meat with a lot of rice, potatoes or noodles. Surely the amount he gave her to run the house on could occasionally provide a good honest steak for a man.

She picked up the package. "I was down at the big linen sale at Hobbs's. I wanted one of their Richelieu cutwork banquet cloths. But they were thirty-seven fifty, and I figured I could get one cheaper if I knew someone who was going abroad. So I bought a yellow luncheon set for three ninety-five."

She snapped the string, opened it. She gave an unbelieving gasp. "My goodness, they made a mistake. They gave me the wrong package."

Her fingers moved gloatingly over the embroidery. "I guess the girl at the wrapping desk got the packages mixed. This is one of the Richelieu cloths. And look—twelve napkins!"

Carefully she began to unpick the price tag of small, stiff cardboard.

Ben lowered his paper. "Leave the price tag on. You'll have to take it back."

She didn't answer, but smoothed the sales slip for three ninety-five, her eyes deep and shining.

Ben went out in the kitchen to pour himself a pre-dinner drink.

It was the sound of wrapping paper being wadded into a ball and dropped into a wastebasket that arrested him. He heard Georgia go on light, hurrying feet down the hall to the desk in her room; a drawer opened, shut. Then back to the darkened dining room where the linen closet door opened, shut. Like a furtive pack rat. He might have known! Georgia wouldn't take it back. And every time she shook out that banquet cloth over their table she'd get a wallop out of it, not because of all those painstaking stitches, but because she had got it for a tenth of its value.

Damned little cheat, he thought with cold fury. He started into the living room. His toe caught momentarily on the rug.

His toe seemed to strike Georgia's constant aggrieved answer to any argument or criticism, "But, Ben, I work like a dog to make a lovely home for you." He felt that old trapped helplessness. Why make an issue about a tablecloth? Better to hunt up the sales slip and the price tag she had dropped in a desk drawer and pay the store the difference himself.

The telephone rang at ten-thirty when Georgia was putting up her hair for the night. Ben, answering it, heard a thin, choked voice which

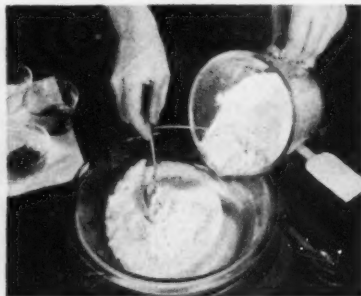
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How to make *Hearts Delight* Cake Frosting

● Here's the kind of frosting cake-lovers dream about! Satin-smooth, never grainy or runny or too hard. Always *just perfect*. You make it with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Quicker and easier than any cooked frosting, this one *never fails!* Philadelphia Brand blends so easily with the sugar to make a smooth, rich frosting for your tender cake. And it helps *keep* that frosting moist and fresh! Be sure to use genuine Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, with *freshness guaranteed* by Kraft!



1. Soften one 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese at room temperature. Genuine "Philadelphia"—delicately rich—is essential.



2. Blend 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar into the cream cheese. Add 2 tbsps. of maraschino cherry juice. Blend again.



3. Add 2 tbsps. chopped maraschino cherries; mix lightly. Spread frosting on bottom layer of cake baked in 2 heart-shaped pans.



4. Cover with the second layer of cake, and spread the remaining frosting on sides and top of the cake. Lovely? And delicious!

was hard to recognize as Mary's. "Ben—oh, Ben, I hate to bother you—but I'm here at General Hospital—and I can't stand waiting till the nurse comes down from the operating room—I didn't think it would be so long—"

"Pink, what's happened?"
"It's—Lollie," she sobbed. "She and Uncle Matthew were in an accident coming down from the Little Princess—"

She took a minute to steady her voice. "Uncle Matthew's just being treated for bruises and shock—but they're taking stitches in the gash on Lollie's scalp—maybe it isn't so bad—but she's been up there so long—"

"I'll be right over."
He couldn't get the garage doors open fast enough. He couldn't manoeuvre his car fast enough through icy streets. Mary needed him.

She was sitting on a bench in the waiting room, tense, drained and disheveled. It was hot in the little room but she clutched the green corduroy coat tightly across her breast as though she were waiting on an icy corner. He slid down beside her, patted a clenched hand. "Did you see Lollie?"

She nodded. "She was in the emergency ward on one of those high white pushcarts—" Her voice broke, and she patched it together. "And the first thing she said was, 'It wasn't Uncle Matthew's fault, Mom—honest, it was the other car that crowded him off the road.'"

The long, long wait with them looking up hopefully, fearfully at the sound of every step. With Pink saying, "She lost so much blood," and Ben answering, "Don't worry—they'll give a transfusion

for it." With Pink saying, "They cut off her braids," and Ben supplying swiftly, "Heck, a kid's hair grows fast."

And finally a nurse, smelling of anaesthetic, stood before them saying brightly, "Your young lady came through it fine. She'll soon be getting around pert as can be. When you come tomorrow evening, better bring a warm robe."

Ben said eagerly, "I'll get her one—a red, fuzzy one."

The nurse smiled benignly. "Now you take your wife home. And don't worry about your little girl."

Before Ben could stumble out, "She's not my little girl," Pink said flatly, "Her father is dead."

"Oh, that's too bad," the woman said, undaunted, as she led the way to the door. "In times like these you always wish the child's father were beside you."

Ben took Mary's arm and guided her through the wintry night. He helped her into the car. That flimsy excuse of a coat she was wearing!

She was shivering so convulsively that he turned on the heater and sat beside her, his hand patting her shoulder. A woman he had loved for thirteen years. He had known the clinging warmth of her lips but never once since she had been Mrs. Blakely had he done more than pat her shoulder.

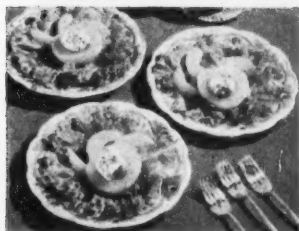
She sat there in such limp weariness that he reached over to flick on the starter. But she caught his hand detainingly. "I almost yelled back at that fool nurse, 'Thank God her father isn't here beside me.'"

Her two hands gripped his, kneaded it between them. She burst out vehemently, "Oh, Ben, if only I hadn't gone

(Advertisement)

How to make 5 more

Menu-Brighteners with cream cheese



CLAM APPETIZER DIP Rub bowl with a cut clove of garlic. In the bowl blend 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with 2 tps. lemon juice, 1½ tps. Worcestershire sauce, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper, ½ c. drained canned minced clams, 4 tblsps. clam broth. Serve with potato chips or crackers.

CREAM CHEESE FAN SALAD

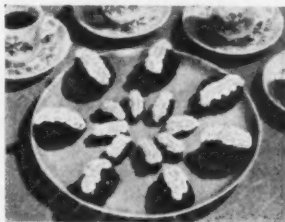
Cut one 4-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand into 6 cubes. Roll cubes in finely chopped nutmeats. On salad plates

arrange: lettuce, a peach half, a cheese-nut square on each peach half. Arrange 3 peach slices around each peach half. Serve with Kraft French Dressing.



WONDERFUL WAFFLE TRICK Add a little milk to Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese; whip with a fork until light and fluffy. Serve with jelly on golden-brown waffles. This "Philly" topping is delicious on gingerbread, too. An easy way to dress up many simple desserts!

DANDY DOUBLE DECKER Make a whole wheat bread sandwich with tart jelly or jam. Spread another slice with creamy-white "Philadelphia". Sprinkle with chopped nuts and place on top. Nutritious!



STUFFED PRUNE AND DATE DESSERT Soften a 4-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Force softened cream cheese through pastry tube into pitted dates and prunes. Arrange on round platter.

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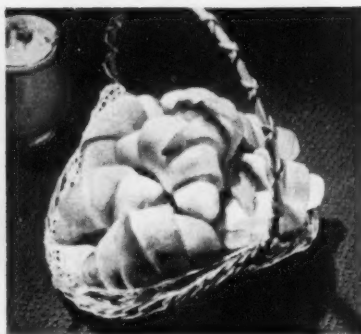
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BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- ½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

- 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 3 cups more (about), once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ¼-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant ¼-inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

up to college. Maybe you can't understand—I can't myself—but I went there and started in being a different me. Aunt Laura—Uncle Matthew's wife—was sick so long before she died. I'd seen so much of suffering, and hurrying home from school—and then trying to keep Uncle Matthew from going to pieces. Jon Blakely taught Freshman Lit. I remember his first assignment for us, 'Has the first week in college been frightening?' I guess I was the only one who wrote no, that it was like shedding an old skin. He kept me after class and said I was like a plant that had been out of the sun for years and now I was reaching out, unfolding—"

It was the first time she had ever talked about Jon Blakely to him. But in let-down relief after her terror and tension she was wringing her hands—with his caught between—and saying in essence, "I didn't love him."

"Jon used to have students and young profs in his apartment for poetry and music sessions, and he'd walk the floor and toss out chunks from John Donne or Shelley—"

He stirred uneasily. Maybe he shouldn't let her spill out all this. He muttered, "How bad was the car wrecked?"

"The police sent out their wrecker to tow it in." The torrent went on. "That new me couldn't help falling in love with him. But he didn't know living. He wanted his love and passion and suffering pre-masticated and digested by poets. He hated me when I was ugly and out of shape before Lollie was born. He hated Lollie because she"—funny, how Pink's laugh could be more heart-tearing than a sob—"was a homely little sparrow at first. Life in the raw outraged him. He wanted it in sonnets. Even before he was drowned, Ben, I moved back into being the Pink I'd always been, and I knew it was only a make-believe love and marriage I got into."

He sat there, an aching lump of man, and thought, If only I had waited. If only Georgia Gustafsen, a onetime roommate of his sister's, hadn't come to visit the very summer that Mary came to stay with Uncle Matthew while her professor husband took a summer seminar. Passing the Ault home and seeing the baby buggy had put such a hopeless and final period to his loving Mary.

His sister and mother kept pairing him off with Georgia—"Poor Georgia got such a tough break. Married to a man who just walked out on her. Dear knows, she could get a divorce easy enough on desertion, but she's never had the money to go through with it." Georgia had seemed so soft, defenseless, so eager to please.

And then her showing them the telegram from Alaska, "Henry Gustafsen hurt critically in fall from scaffolding. Not expected to live through night."

Ben was leaving for the Yukon on a government contract that would last six months. The next morning he was in the attic, digging out a suitcase to pack his work clothes in, when Georgia came up. "I—they just telephoned another telegram. Harry's dead."

He had put his arms around her to comfort her. She lifted her tear-stained face to his—"Ben, now we can be married. You've been too honorable to say anything before—but I love you,

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DELICIOUS TOMATO VEAL STEW

Cut 1 lb. veal in 1-inch cubes, slice 2 onions and brown in frying pan with a little shortening. Add 6 tablespoons E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste and 2 cups water and cook 15 minutes. Then add 3 medium potatoes and 3 large carrots, cut in cubes. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 45 minutes. Garnish with toast rounds. Serves 4.



Over 3 lbs. fresh tomatoes concentrated in each 6-oz. tin... Ideal for sauces, soups, salads, jellies, etc.—also see the Italian spaghetti recipe on label!

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and I've known you loved me—"

He didn't speak. Some deep gallantry forbade his saying, "No, I don't love you, Georgia."

She pleaded on, "We both need a home. And, Ben, I'll work so hard to make one for you—"

Maybe it would ease his lonely ache if he had a wife—and a youngster or two to tag after him. "Don't go off and leave me," Georgia sobbed . . . They were married hastily in a little town on the way to his job . . .

Georgia kept her "I'll work hard" promise; but not the "home for you" part. It was Georgia's home, not his. In not one of her antique chairs could a tired man relax in the evenings. He had had to drop his card-playing cronies because Georgia never made them welcome. And there were no little tykes to bring home building blocks to. Because there were no bargains in having children; they had to be paid for with pain and care. Georgia, the miser with affection and money.

He ached to ask Pink, "Then you never loved him?" and hear her say in words, "I always loved you, Ben." He ached to reach out and swoop her in his arms.

But he sat rigid. He was married. His heart went about trying doors. Divorce? Not from Georgia. He could imagine her righteous and aggrieved indignation if he mentioned it.

An affair? He wasn't naive. But it wasn't good enough for Pink—not the shoddy business of lying, and pretense, and uneasy shame.

No, better the old dream of having Pink beside him when he wakened in the morning. Better the wary giving to her, doing for her without her knowing. He started the car.

At the empty Ault home he went in with her. He left her in the hall while he went up to the bedroom she shared with Lollie and built up a fire with the wood he had sent over. He asked as he came down, "Pink, is the car insured?"

She answered lifelessly, "Yes, we've got the fifty-dollar deductible. Only maybe it's run out. I've been intending to renew it—but Uncle Matthew—"

Yes, he knew. Diamond drilling for the Little Princess.

"See if you can find me the insurance policy."

She was shivering weakly again by the time she placed it in his hand. He said, "Skip on up to the fire and I'll fix you a bite and bring it up."

He stood under the kitchen light and examined the policy while he warmed milk on the stove. The policy had expired. Today was fourteen days past even the grace period. He put the papers in his pocket.

Pink was slumped on a chair in front of the fire when he carried a sandwich and glass of warm milk up to her. He took off the warmthless green corduroy, pulled off her toeless pumps. He said, "I think we can still get in under the grace period. I know the manager down at the insurance office. I'll see him and fix it up."

She only said thinly, "Ben, don't scold Uncle Matthew about wrecking the car."

"Drink your milk while it's warm." He ate his sandwich and felt the old yeasty lift of conspiring. He couldn't say, "I love you, Pink," but he could

somehow get her a car to drive back and forth to school. Probably her wrecked one—old and limping at best—wasn't worth having repaired. Ernie wanted to sell his. Why couldn't he pretend to Mary that the insurance company had given him a cheque for the damages?

He stood up. "I'm going down in the basement to leave a memo for Ernie. Now don't worry about Lollie. I'll take you over to see her tomorrow evening." Again he patted her shoulder when his

hand longed to tilt her drained face upward and kiss it.

The memo he left for Ernie was brief. "Call me first thing in the morning."

He was late getting up the next morning. Georgia, dressed to go out, was sitting in the turquoise leather and chromium dinette, talking on the telephone. Her short hair was precisely swirled, her two-piece grey wool trim on her compact figure. She emanated a pleased, almost purring air of having

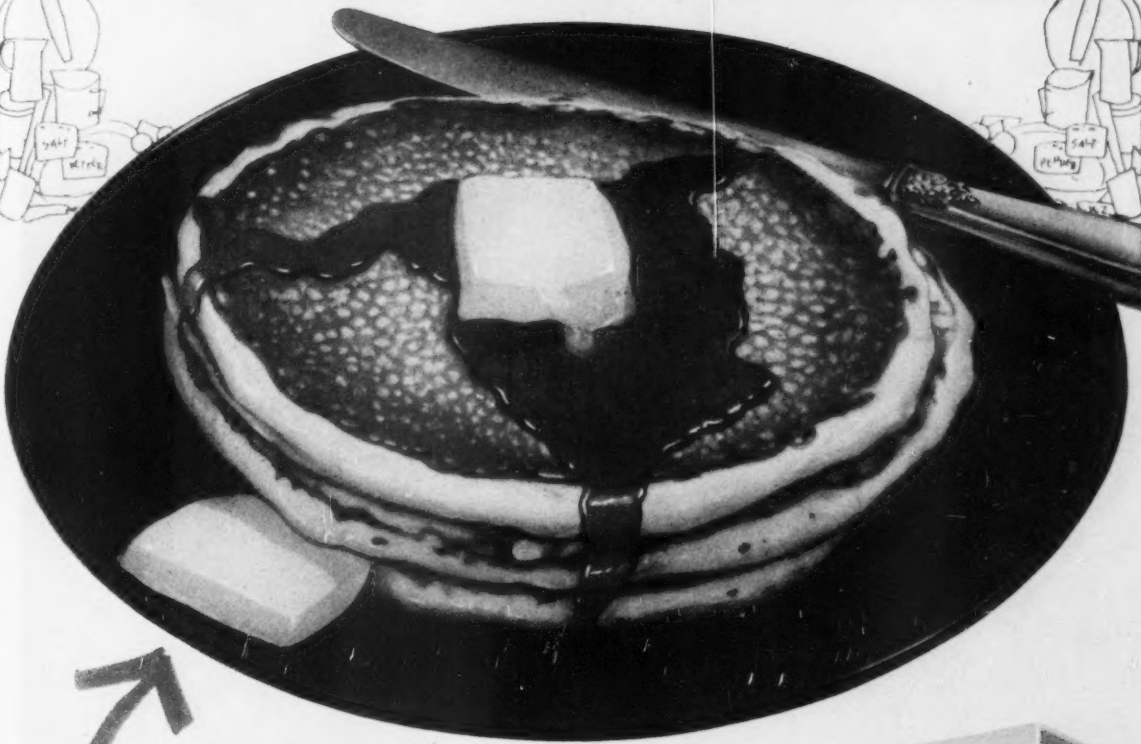
her world well in hand that morning.

Georgia moved with dutiful efficiency to put his weak coffee before him. "I've just heard of a private auction, and I want some more stemware if I can get them at a bargain . . . You were terribly late getting home, Ben."

"I know. Was late getting away from the hospital. Mary Blakely's uncle and her little girl were coming down the mountain last night and the car turned over."

"Was the car completely wrecked?"

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A P R O D U C T O F C A N A D A P A C K E R S

Now why should she ask about the car, rather than Lollie or the old man? "Probably," he said noncommittally.

He heard her leave in her roadster as he broke his egg, and planned a busy day. He mustn't forget the robe for Lollie. He'd get it at Hobbs's. Yes, and while he was in the store he'd take care of the ill-begotten tablecloth.

He went to the antique desk in Georgia's room to find the sales ticket and price tag. He opened three drawers before he saw the yellow slip. But the

small, stiff price tag with the pin marks still on it slid out of sight. The desk was old. There was a quarter-inch of space between the two boards on the bottom of the drawer. The small rectangle of cardboard slid through the space into the drawer beneath.

He tried that lower drawer, but it was locked. He pulled the half-open drawer over it completely out. It took him only a minute to jimmy the lock from inside. He swore softly at the perversity of the price tag in sliding past the stacked

papers and to the bottom. He had to lift up a sheaf of flattened-out business letters to reach it.

His eyes fell upon them. They were to Georgia on stationery with a lawyer's letterhead. They all had to do with the insurance of her deceased husband, Harry Gustafsen, and the lawyer's persistent effort to obtain it for her in a lump sum rather than in monthly payments. Here was a carbon of the beneficiary statement. And through it all the recurring mention of April 11,

the date of Harry Gustafsen's death.

He'd be damned! So Georgia had received that insurance in a lump sum and had never once mentioned it to him. Why the secretiveness? Why the niggardliness?

The telephone rang. It was Ernie. Ben's mind became all planning wariness. "You go home, Ernie, and get all your car papers together. Bring them down to my office and I'll meet you there."

Ben Jessup drove up his driveway that evening at the usual time, weary but elated. He couldn't think of a single slip-up that would give him away to Mary.

He had put through the deal with Ernie. He had gone to his old friend at the insurance company and given him a cheque, asking him in return to make one out to Mary Ault Blakely. Just to be sure the gabby Ernie didn't spill anything to Mary he told him to go home, and took another man over to work on the Ault furnace.

Mary hadn't been home. He had put the cheque in an envelope and written on it, "I got this settlement out of the insurance company. And I've located a car you can buy for about the same price." He left it weighted down with the package containing Lollie's red corduroy robe.

He went in his side door.

Georgia was reaching for cocktail glasses off a high shelf. Her very smile chilled him—there was such overweening triumph in it. She placed the three glasses on her silver tray. "We're having company for dinner this evening."

"Who?"

"Your Mary Blakely."

He stared at her, mistrustful, wary. Georgia didn't even know Mary.

She took from her pocket a key ring with two keys on it and flung them toward him. Her lips thinned with malice. "Ernie, the fellow you bought the car from, came by with these. Said he found them and thought you might like an extra set. What a blabmouth! I could hardly get rid of him. That's when I called your Mary. To ask about dear little Lollie. And about her wrecked car. She told me you knew of one she could pick up cheap. So I asked her to come over to dinner. I thought it would be cozy to talk over things with a drink or two."

Ben Jessup's heart was thumping hard and slow. "What's the idea, Georgia?"

Her smile was as cold as the ice cubes she was spooning into the glass bucket. "Oh, I thought it'd be helpful to tell Mary some things. Her insurance papers fell out of your coat pocket this morning, and I saw that the insurance had lapsed. It wasn't hard for me to put two and two together."

"Fell out of my coat!" he rasped out. "You took them out."

Now he understood her cocksure gloating. She would get Mary here and let her know her insurance was worthless. She would tell her the exact amount Ben Jessup had paid Ernie for his car—and never again would he, Ben, be able to lift a hand to help Mary with her load.

"Mooning over your lost love is one thing," Georgia's clipped and venomous voice went on. "But dumping everything you can think of in her lap is another. I know about your buying

RIPE Bananas right in the batter

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Maraschino-Banana Cake

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour
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2½ tps. Magic Baking Powder
¼ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
10 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 cup fine granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup mashed ripe banana
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Pre-heat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine mashed banana, milk and vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of banana mixture and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 minutes.

MARASCHINO FILLING AND ICING: Cream 5 tbsps. butter or margarine; add few grains

salt. Work in 2½ cups sifted icing sugar alternately with 2 tps. lemon juice and about 3 tps. heated syrup from maraschino cherries; beat in ¼ tsp. vanilla. Take out about a quarter of the mixture and beat into it ¼ cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries and about ¼ cup sifted icing sugar; put cold cakes together with this mixture. Cover cake with the remaining icing and decorate top with diagonally-cut serrated banana slices and drained halved maraschino cherries.

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the mortgage on that old ramshackle house. Once I happened to overhear your secretary talking to the bank about it. We might bring that up tonight, too."

He flung out in goaded fury, "And you know, I suppose, that I arranged to have Lollie's tonsils out, and that I sent Mary a load of wood yesterday so she wouldn't freeze in that ramshackle house. But you couldn't understand that I have to do these things for Mary without her knowing it, because there's never been a word of love between us."

"Even such high-minded triangles make interesting conversation. I'm looking forward to Mary's coming." She took a housewifely moment to polish the ice tongs.

His brief fury ebbed away to that old stalemated helplessness—and then to sick concern. He had to save Mary from Georgia's deft spear thrusts; the guileless Mary from the guileful Georgia.

She picked up the laden tray and started into the living room. He followed her, "Georgia, don't do this. Mary's so—so pitifully proud. Take it out on me, but let Mary alone."

She threw the words back at him with a mocking laugh. "Let Mary alone. Let you go on with your beautiful secret life. Keep this little deal secret from Georgia. I tell you everything I do but you—"

He turned toward her. "Not quite everything, Georgia. This morning I came across all that correspondence about Gustafsen's insurance."

She recoiled as though he had struck her. The tray went out of her strengthless hands and onto the cobbler's bench. The ice cubes bounced over the floor. "But—the drawer was locked," she said with heavy effort.

"Yes," he acceded wearily, "but the price tag for the tablecloth fell into it from the one above. I wanted to take it back to Hobbs's and make it right. So I opened the drawer—and saw all the papers."

He had been so sure she would upbraid him for sneaking through her locked drawer. But she only stood there staring at him with horror in her eyes. Two ovals of rouge stood out clearly on her slack face.

"You—you read the letters, Ben?"

"Yes, I read them enough to get the gist of it all."

Her voice rose high and frantic. "But, Ben—how was I to know that he—? You saw the telegram I got—it said he couldn't live through the night. How was I to know that he'd live on for days and days—?"

Now his quickened mind saw it again, the date typed on all those papers—April 11. Now his sharpened memory groped back to another date—April 1. And he could hear his sister expostulating, "Gosh, Ben, can't you fix it some way so you won't be getting married on April Fool's day?"

He laughed dryly. "Eleven days between the date of our marriage and your husband's death. There's an ugly word for that, Georgia."

He hadn't heard that plaintive whine in her voice since she had been Mrs. Ben Jessup. "But, Ben, believe me—when the first telegram came—I was so sure—"

I know what you were sure of, he thought. You were sure I'd never know. I was a bargain you couldn't

pass up. I was the banquet cloth you wanted, even though you cheated to get it.

Automatically Georgia began gathering up the ice cubes. She asked haltingly, "What are you—going to do about it, Ben?"

He looked around. It relieved him to know that it was the last time he would look at the spinet, the lamp with its painted pansies which had started life as a coal-oil lamp. "The house is yours. You sell it and go back to where

your folks are. All I want is my clothes."

He watched her as that thought sank in. Slowly the defeat in her eyes quickened with the light of planning. Oh, she would get a pretty penny for all these things she had picked up here and there so cheaply.

Through the window he caught a glimpse of a green coat. He went out swiftly to meet Mary who, under leaden skies, was walking with her coat flying open as though she were walking down a sunny street. Her words came wrapped

in a low laugh. "The nurse told me Lollie wanted a pork chop for lunch."

His arm gripped hers as he guided her to his car. At first his mind fell into the old pattern of pretense, of carefully shaping sentences, "Ernie needed cash so bad that he—"

But he stopped short. He no longer needed to lie awake at night planning out ways to do for Pink without her knowing it. He took her two cold hands in his and said simply, "I bought you a car. Here are the keys to it." +

*"Only a fresh cigarette
can be truly mild..."*

enjoy **SWEET CAPORS**

*always fresh
and
TRULY MILD!*

CORK or PLAIN

Born of Sunshine

FOR RICHER FLAVOR



"I'm Mr. Sunshine, the Aylmer Hired Man. All summer long I pack luscious Aylmer tomatoes with vitamins and lively flavour.
"Then Aylmer takes over and makes these red-ripe beauties into rich tomato catsup with a 'true-tomato' flavour you'll love.
"So enjoy the sunshine of my smile in every taste of Aylmer Tomato Catsup."

Aylmer Catsup



YOU'LL LIKE AYLMER CHILI SAUCE TOO...

Aylmer Chili Sauce is a perfect mingling of sun-kissed tomatoes and tangy spices. When meals need cheering up, put this zesty sauce on the table... Aylmer Chili Sauce.

YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMER QUALITY

Aylmer Products, Hamilton and Vancouver

THE QUEEN'S CONFLICT

Continued from page 13

history from the time of Henry II, who "caused to be painted" on a wall in Windsor Castle "an olde eagle with its body and eyes being scratched out by four younger birds." The "birds," moaned the old King, were his "four sons," who ceased not to "pursue" his death. This horrible picture survived on the wall for many centuries, but the succeeding kings did not heed its lesson. The unhappy antagonism was modified as men became less brutish, but it was slow to pass.

From this violent inheritance, we come to the polite humanities of Victorian times: we see the growth of Queen Victoria's family life. "Be as happy as we are; more I cannot wish you," wrote Prince Albert to his brother. Nevertheless, Queen Victoria made the surprising statement in 1856, "I see the children much less... I find no especial pleasure or compensation in the company of the elder children... only very exceptionally do I find the rather intimate intercourse with them either agreeable or easy." This extraordinary state of mind, in a woman who was appalled by cruelty, reached its unhappy climax with her heir. Lady Clarendon wrote in her diary of the "unconquerable aversion" which Queen Victoria felt for her eldest son. I believe this to be an extravagant phrase, but it was true that "the poor boy" knew of his mother's "dislike of him." All this was subdued in later years, but only when mellowness had come to them both; when their own private hearts became stronger than the horrible ancestral voice that had menaced their relationship when the prince was young.

The voice made itself heard, faintly, for the last time, to King George V and his eldest son. The Duke of Windsor has recalled, "In my father's rigorous schedule we children occupied small, fixed niches... he and my mother always popped into the nursery to say goodnight while on their way to dinner. My father, never demonstrative, would peer down at us gravely, in the dim light, perhaps touch the covers gently, and then slip quietly out of the room. I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract."

The voice never came as far as the family life of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth: with them a new chapter began, almost entirely because of their own will and determination to keep their private life sacred and independent of all inherited and outside influences. We must realize the history behind this determination before we can appreciate the absolute happiness and certainty of love in which Queen Elizabeth II has lived since the day she was born.

Let us turn back the pages of this story of happiness; this story of a Queen who once described her childhood as having been "all sunshine." We come to a day in January 1923, when King George V announced, "with the greatest pleasure," that his son, the Duke of York, was betrothed to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. In his private diary the King wrote that she was "pretty and charming" and that his son was "a very lucky fellow." The bride was little known: much of her life had been lived in Scotland, in Glamis Castle, which

rises from a grassy plain with the Grampian Hills in the background. Her father was a Scottish laird and he ruled a noble estate, but the interests of his family were directed toward painting and writing. Their immense library contained many books written by themselves. Lady Elizabeth had grown up in the company of intelligent, unaffected people: she enjoyed the private qualities of her family life so much that she twice refused to marry the King's son because she dreaded the limelight that she would have to endure.

The bridegroom had led a full, dutiful life. He had declared his ideals in the first speech he ever made, when still a young man. He had said, "Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision, and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them." But this ideal was not spoiled by priggishness. He had been punished, at Dartmouth, for letting off fireworks in the lavatories on Guy Fawkes' Day, and fined for smoking in the street when he was at Cambridge. He had shown imagination by creating the summer camps at which boys from the factories spent their holidays with boys from public schools: an enterprise that spread all over England and as far as Australia.

Such was the character of the parents of Princess Elizabeth, who was born—not in a castle or a palace—but at No. 12 Bruton Street, London, on April 21, 1926. The early chapters of her story are simple. "I am not palace-minded," her father once said; and this was true. There was no hint that the child would ever inherit a crown, and it is very important to remember this as we recall the early influences in her life. The solemn, frightening voices of the past did not intrude upon her: history was a subject to be studied, without any fear that she would some day be called on to make history.

With all the wisdom and common sense that she had brought from Scotland, the Duchess of York saw to it that her daughter grew up naturally. She kept the two worlds, of royal duty and domestic simplicity, clearly apart. When the Princess was old enough to need a governess the scope of her education spread, but it was leavened with Conan Doyle, John Buchan and P. G. Wodehouse—unlike her great namesake, the first Elizabeth, who had not been allowed to read "idle books of chivalry or romance."

The details of the Princess' advanced education fitted into the essentially normal circumstances of her childhood. Perhaps the most important factor was the choice of her history master, Sir Henry Marten, Provost of Eton—an un-stuffy, delightful scholar, whose ideas were described as "independent progressive." He gave the Princess H. A. L. Fisher's history of Europe, Trevelyan's history of England, and Muzzey's history of the United States, all to be read at the same time, so that she would absorb her history in the broadest sense.

In place of the legendary animosity between royal parents and their children, Princess Elizabeth enjoyed a friendship with her father that shone with candor and affection. We are inclined to harbor an overconventionalized impression of the nature and interests of King George VI: instead, when we examine the facts, we find that he was blessed with unusual originality, which must

It's easy to win!

Just think of a name for the friendly Great Dane who has invaded the Gildersleeve household

He's 140 pounds of dog and he needs a name badly. The Great Gildersleeve has given up and asks your help. A simple name like Gildie the Second or Brown Bomber might win. These are just suggestions to start you thinking. You can easily think of many better names. Originality counts.



3 Contests... 3 Cars

All these 68 prizes given every 2 weeks

1st Prize New '53 Ford Victoria (or cash retail value if you prefer), plus \$200 cash bonus if 2 "yellow end flaps" accompany entry.

2nd Prize Westinghouse Laundromat Automatic Washer and Electric Clothes Dryer.

3rd Prize Westinghouse Combination Radio-Phonograph

15 Westinghouse Electric Food Mixers

50 crisp new \$10 bills

Enter all three contests often as you wish

1st Contest ends midnight February 14, 1953

2nd Contest starts February 15, ends midnight February 28, 1953

3rd Contest starts March 1, ends midnight March 14, 1953



Here it is... the Ford Victoria... the smartest car on the road. All the dashing style of a Convertible with the snugness of a Sedan. Carries six adults in super comfort. Comes equipped with Automatic Drive, Heater and White Sidewall tires. Your choice of color.

Name the Great Gildersleeve's new dog...

Win a '53 Ford Victoria!

in PARKAY MARGARINE'S Big Canadian Contest

3 Fords given away—plus 201 other valuable prizes!

RADIO'S POPULAR BACHELOR, The Great Gildersleeve, has a problem on his hands. A Great Dane dog has just joined the household. He's huge. He's handsome. But he's nameless. And the family can't agree on what to call him.

Just by helping to pick out a name for the dog you may win a wonderful prize. (See prize listing above.)

Here's all you do: Go to your grocer's and buy a package of Kraft's delicious New Parkay Margarine. Tear off the yellow end flap and mail it to Parkay with your suggested name for the Great Dane. Use the entry

blank on this page or obtain extra entry blanks from your grocer's. Be sure to read all rules carefully before you mail your entries.

Each Ford Victoria winner can also win a \$200 cash bonus. Just include with your entry the yellow end flap from two (2) packages of New Parkay Margarine instead of one. Then if your name for The Great Gildersleeve's dog is awarded a first prize, you will receive a bonus of \$200.00 in cash.

(Your entry will receive the same consideration for First Prize if only one end flap is enclosed. The only difference is you will not be eligible to receive a special \$200 cash bonus prize.)

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

- 1 Print or write clearly your suggested name for the Gildersleeve dog. Use the coupon in this advertisement, a plain piece of paper or an entry blank from your grocer's.
- 2 Print your name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the grocer from whom you buy New Parkay Margarine.
- 3 Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggestion on a separate entry blank.
- 4 With each entry enclose the yellow end flap from any package of New Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the \$200.00 cash bonus awarded to Ford Victoria winners, enclose two yellow end flaps from two packages of Parkay. (In each case reasonable facsimiles will be accepted.) Every qualifying entry received will be judged.
- 5 Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 1545, Dept. B, Toronto, Ontario.
- 6 There will be three fortnightly contests. First contest closes February 14th, 1953, second contest closes February 28th, 1953, third contest closes March 14th, 1953. Entries received before midnight February 14th will be judged in the first contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current contest. Entries for the final contest must be postmarked before midnight March 14th and

must be received by March 21st. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. Kraft Foods Limited assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage do not qualify and will not be considered. You accept all conditions of rules when you enter.

7 Contest prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize in each of the three contests, nor more than one first prize in any of the contests. Complete list of winners will be sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of final contest. Winners names will be published.

8 Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties in any of the three contests. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Limited.

9 This contest is open to any person living in those provinces in Canada where the sale of margarine is permitted by provincial law. Residents of Quebec and Prince Edward Island are not eligible. Employees of Kraft Foods Limited, its advertising agencies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

KRAFT'S NEW PARKAY spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

You'll love the way it tastes, you'll love the way it spreads! New Parkay comes in the handy Color-Kwik bag and in the regular pack. It is also sold in quarters and colored yellow where provincial laws permit.



Send yellow end flap with your entry

Clip this Entry Blank

Mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 1545, Dept. B, Toronto, Ont. Enclose the yellow end flap from any package of New Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the Special \$200 cash bonus prize for Ford Victoria winners, enclose two yellow end flaps.

My name for the dog _____

My own name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Grocer's name and address _____

Get extra entry blanks from your grocer's or use plain paper.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY—Tune in "The Great Gildersleeve" Wednesday evenings over CBC Dominion Network. (Check your local newspaper for time.)

① ONE, TWO ②

and you're all through

WITH ① A Beatty AUTOMATIC WASHER



Here's the most practical Automatic Washer for YOU. Requires less than half the hot water that others use...rollable on casters, needs no installation...REALLY washes clean.

UP TO \$100

FOR YOUR OLD FASHIONED ELECTRIC WASHER

EASY TERMS ON BALANCE

See your nearest Beatty dealer and find how little it takes to get a Beatty Automatic... your old washer and just a few dollars more... just a few cents a day.

② Beatty CLOTHES DRYER



NEW MODELS
JUST ARRIVED

It's AUTOMATIC as well. Inside drying is a life-saver in our climate. Softer, fluffier clothes... so much lifting, lugging saved... and so much time, too.

SMALL DOWN PAYMENT
EASY TERMS

New extra-large element has three times more heating area—dries clothes faster and more gently. Purifies them. Automatic shut-off—dry to any degree of dryness desired, for any type of fabric.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BEATTY DEALER



SAVE YOU MOST

HOUSEHOLD Beatty APPLIANCES

SERVE YOU BEST

517

have been a refreshing influence on Princess Elizabeth's growing mind. He had revealed his talent for surprise when he was quite young; when, after he had been asked whether he would become head of the Industrial Welfare movement, he thought for a moment, then suddenly said, "I will do it. But I don't want any of that damned red carpet." The clarity and lack of humbug did not lessen when he drove from his simple house in London to Buckingham Palace, as King: he carried, on his knee, the flag his ship had flown at the Battle of Jutland.

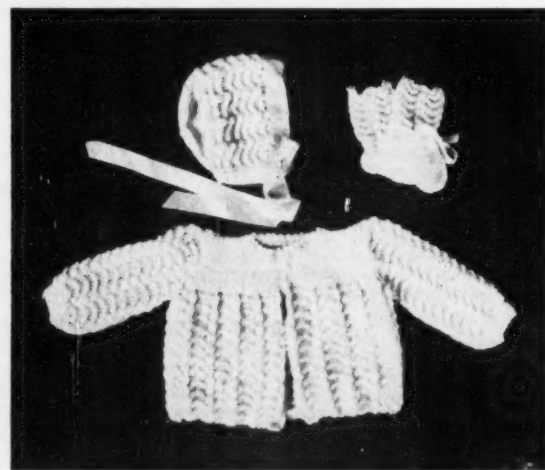
During the fifteen years of King George VI's reign, Princess Elizabeth was able to watch her father at work, and to enjoy his confidence. We must remember the value of this long experience when we too easily write and think of "the young Queen." She lived at the very heart of constitutional monarchy during those years, with none of the barriers that had estranged Queen Victoria and her son, or King George V and his heir. Princess Elizabeth was with her father when he decided to "set a precedent" by ordering a separate procession for Queen Mary, at his coronation. One day he drove across London to a hospital, to give the G.C.V.O. to his surgeon, Sir Morton Smart, who had been ill for many months and unable to leave his bed. When the King was traveling from Canada into the United States, in 1939, he made history by knighting one of his secretaries on the train; and a further chapter of history by giving the K.C.B. to Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador in Washington, in his own embassy. In October 1948, Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, visited London for a conference of Imperial Prime Ministers; but he became ill and was obliged to stay in his hotel. Mackenzie King had held office under five sovereigns, and King George, who had known him since boyhood, drove

to his hotel and spent an hour with him in his bedroom—a gesture that "deeply moved" the distinguished Canadian.

This delightful interpretation of his powers casts a glow over all King George's story, and over Princess Elizabeth's years of apprenticeship. Her mother was equally prone to surprise. One of the first pictures she added to the royal collections was Augustus John's painting of George Bernard Shaw, whose Fabian smile might have caused a stir among the portraits of kings and princes, whom he had always pretended to despise. The Queen soon established the habit of taking the Princess to festivals at Edinburgh and Stratford-upon-Avon so that she was closely associated with the cultural life of the country. And she led her daughter into what has become one of her important relaxations from duty, by racing her horses under her own colors—a diversion that no Queen has enjoyed since Queen Anne, who founded Ascot in 1711.

Never before had the royal family enjoyed such a sharing of heart and interests; and Londoners, passing the façade of Buckingham Palace, drew confidence from the tranquil example within. Then came Princess Elizabeth's marriage, in 1947, and the birth of Prince Charles, a year later: two happy events that relieved the gloom, the austere hangover of war, which Britons were still enduring. All seemed well with the world on that chill November evening, in 1948, when thousands of Londoners stood before the Palace waiting for the moment when a door suddenly opened in the dark wall, allowing a stream of gold light to flow across the quadrangle. A footman spoke to a policeman; and the policeman with excitement and speed wholly unsuited to his office—ran across the quadrangle and cried out to the waiting thousands, "It's a Prince!"

But all was not well: the celebrations over the birth of a royal child were



BONNY BABY OUTFIT

Patterned in the lovely peacock's tail stitch, this infant sweater set is intricate looking, but easy to knit. Sufficient nonshrink baby wool and complete knitting instructions, price \$2.75. Please state color choice of pink, blue or white. Order C53. Instructions only—20 cents.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept.,
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for home owners
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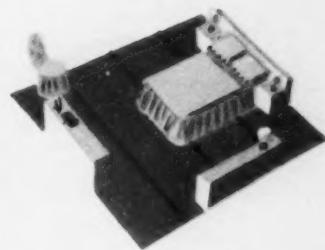
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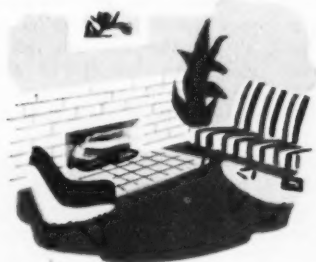
Interior decorators say "Out with muddy browns, in with color!"... the most livable colors you've ever seen.



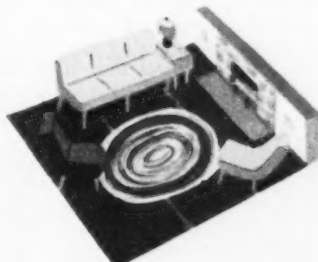
You'll find Dominion Inlaid Linoleum at your dealer's... New modern linoleums, in tiles or by-the-yard...



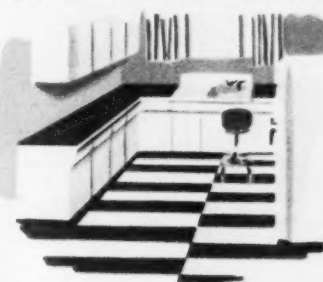
designed for the "living" rooms of your house—not just kitchens and hallways. Ideal for bedrooms—warm-looking, resilient, noiseless.



—And living rooms. Everything from better-than-hardwood browns to rich pastels, dramatic reds, blues, greens.



You don't need carpeting, but linoleum does make a wonderful cushion base for it. Brings out the beauty of your scatter rugs, too.



For kitchen, bathroom, playroom, hallway—combining and matching linoleums with your furniture becomes an adventure. 68 colors.



Four modern effects—Marboleum, Jaspé, Handicraft and Plain—key your floors to your decorating plan by giving just the right "accent".

if you are building,

you will want Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, in tiles or by-the-yard, built into your house right at the start—on every floor, in every room.

a permanent floor



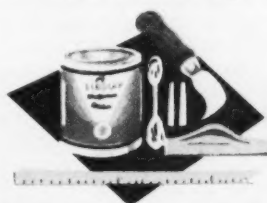
—a modern floor

Linoleum

is a permanent floor as well as a floor covering. It lasts a lifetime, so needs no expensive hardwood underneath.

You just use the original rough boards that go under any floor; over that put plywood and felt paper—then your linoleum.

if you are rebuilding



just make sure your old hardwood or softwood floors are level, add felt paper, then lay your linoleum. It's simple and fast—you can even do it yourself.



Cuts your floor-work in half. No cracks, no wood grain where dirt can lodge. *Swish*—and linoleum's smooth surface is again fresh and bright.

costs no more than hardwood,

including laying by experts. (Of course it costs even less when you do it yourself.) Your dealer will show you how you can enjoy all the benefits of this *proved* modern floor—and stay within your budget.

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Please send me a copy of

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Rationed Kisses?



maybe YOU are to blame!

A peck-on-the-cheek from a distant husband is a mighty poor substitute for the warmth a loving wife has a right to expect. But—do you have this right? Have you been really careful about personal daintiness, lately? It's a shame to let neglect spoil your married happiness . . . when effective help is available today, with "Lysol" in a simple douche. It couldn't be easier!

"Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or

irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly. Remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your neighbourhood drug store.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon its efficiency and the satisfaction of millions of users. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Complete Feminine Hygiene use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
Every Time



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH-531 Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

NAME _____
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haunted with anxiety over the health of King George VI. Though he lived three more years, he was almost constantly in pain. It became necessary for Princess Elizabeth—just as she was creating the pattern of her life as a wife and mother—to assume also some of her father's tasks. Thus she came on the possible conflict between her royal duties and her duty to her child. We learn something of what she thought in this matter from speeches she made about this time. She had declared in public, "We live in an age of growing self-indulgence, of hardening materialism, of falling moral standards. There will always be unhappy marriages. We can have no doubt that divorce and separation are responsible for some of the darkest evils in our society today." She spoke of the "relation of husband and wife" as "a permanent one, not lightly to be broken because of difficulties or quarrels." She spoke of the "fear" among her generation of "being labeled as priggish." She said, "In consequence, people are sometimes afraid to show disapproval of what they know to be wrong, and thus they end by seeming to condone what in their hearts they dislike. I am sure that it is just as wrong to err on that side as it is to be intolerant and overcritical."

Then she declared what seems to be the policy of her married life: she said, "A good home life is the rock on which a child's future is founded."

A Ghost is Laid

Princess Elizabeth began to show a genius for balancing the two tasks; of keeping faith with her increasing duties, and of building up her family life as a private and happy example to the nation. On September 22, 1951, while the doctors were sitting up all night with the King, the Princess showed "the measure of her courage" by attending the world premiere of the film, *The Lady with a Lamp*, because she had promised to do so. On January 31, 1952, she flew off for the great tour of the southern countries of the Commonwealth Six days later, King George—in the words of Mr. Churchill—"fell asleep as every man or woman who strives to fear God, and nothing else in the world, may hope to do." The young Queen flew back to England to face the grief, the splendor, and the responsibilities of her exalted state. But the conflict, which had menaced the happiness of so many of her ancestors, had been conquered. It was perhaps King George VI's greatest private achievement that, with the inspiration of his wife, he had laid the dreadful ghost; that he had proved that family happiness and trust between sovereign and heir could be one with the duties of monarchy.

So, as we come near the Coronation, we enjoy a sight that is deeply stimulating in an age when ideals are viciously attacked from so many sides: we enjoy the sight of the Queen, her consort and her children, making one of public duty and private harmony.

The insistence—that her first duty was to her children—began when the Queen was still a Princess. Those who served her saw signs of this decision soon after Prince Charles was born. She has expressed her view, in public, that,

"To be cruel to a little child is indeed a dreadful crime;" a conviction shared by her father who said, twenty-six years ago, in Australia, "Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself." In no sense are the Queen's duties as sovereign neglected in favor of her children; rather, they are regulated so that each responsibility is met.

It may surprise many readers to learn that the Queen begins her day at seven-thirty in the morning, when she is called by Ruby Macdonald, her Scottish maid. At nine o'clock—after she has read her personal letters and discussed the program of the day with her husband—the children are brought in by their nurse; and then, for half an hour or so, the scene is the same as in any other home with two small, happy children. At half-past nine the Queen's public duties begin: official letters, requests for help or patronage, a visit to an exhibition or a factory, laying a foundation stone, perhaps a meeting of the Privy Council, the formal reception of a foreign diplomat, a State banquet—and, always, the persistent red dispatch boxes, with their files of official documents which must be read, understood, approved, and then signed. This public ritual, however varied, would weaken the most hardened career woman, but the Queen still manages to divide the day so that she may give her children the care and the affection which they need.

Someone who knows the inside life of Buckingham Palace has given us these glimpses of the Queen's daily life:

At eleven the chief steward, tall Mr. Ainslie, and the head housekeeper, Mrs. MacGregor, come for the day's domestic instructions, and the cook, Mrs. MacKee, brings the menus and discusses what shall be served to the nursery . . .

Sometimes the Queen is able to leave her duties for half an hour immediately before lunch, and then, if it is fine, she likes to walk in the Palace garden and play with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. They may take her to admire their white rabbit in his hutch, or, if their father can join them too, they may all have a noisy game of hide-and-seek in the octagonal summerhouse.

Whatever the Queen's duties, she will almost certainly be back at the Palace by half-past five. Only the most urgent calls are permitted to break this rule. Because then Prince Charles and Princess Anne are waiting for their mother, and the "Children's Hour" is exceedingly precious to the Queen . . .

It is typical of the Queen's determination to put her children first that she changed the long-standing custom of receiving the Prime Minister at half-past five each Tuesday. Queen Elizabeth herself asked that the appointment be delayed until six-thirty, so that her quiet family hour might not be disturbed.

Soon after her accession, Queen Elizabeth said, "... my dear father . . . has set before me an example of selfless dedication which I am resolved with God's help faithfully to follow." Let us be reassured that this "selfless dedication" which King George VI proved to the world, both as sovereign and parent, the dedication which blessed his heir with a childhood that was "all sunshine," is, in both respects, being faithfully followed by the Queen. ♦

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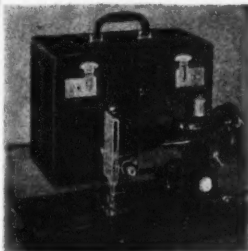
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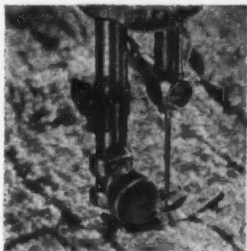
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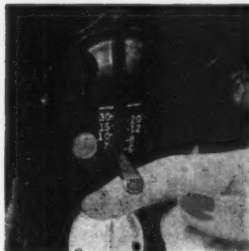
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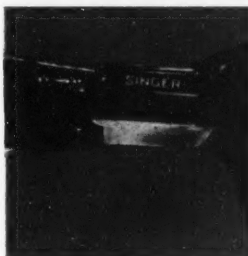
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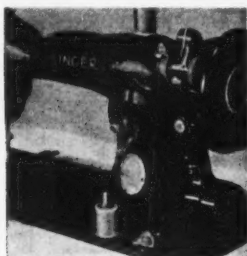
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GIRL WITH A BAND

Continued from page 19

hostess, Cay Moore. "They were running around the bandstand adjusting the mikes, shuffling the music and wiping their hands. Everyone took to them, they were so young and cute."

The hotel's employees undertook to help Marie-Hélène fight her hysteria. "Just relax," Lindon kept telling her tensely. "This is your big chance," Cay Moore reminded her. "Don't let the hotel down." The waiters told her they thought she was the best singer the hotel had ever had. Marie-Hélène fought for composure, gave it up and was just herself, frightened and appealing.

Her parents sent a bouquet and attended her opening night in formal dress. Her father watched the proceedings stiffly, but her plump and effusive mother was enchanted. "I would just love to come here every night," she told Cay Moore blissfully.

Marie-Hélène recalls her beginnings as a band vocalist with mixed feelings. She had a special beau with whom she had attended an elaborate society function a few nights previous. He attended her opening all right—with a new girl on his arm.

"I see all my friends at the Royal York," Marie-Hélène ruefully observes. "They usually bring girls I know and we have a lovely chat."

Before the war Friday and Saturday night supper dances at the Royal York were a way of life for the younger set. They came formal and exchanged dances and filled the room with their gaiety. Today's prices (the hotel has a minimum of \$2.50 a night per person) have weeded out most of the young crowd and replaced them with more affluent elders. Marie-Hélène's presence is credited with bringing back an element of the younger set, a situation the young singer cannot entirely appreciate.

"I go and sit with them during the intermissions between sets and we all laugh and have a good time," she once explained. "Then the music starts and they joke and say 'All right, slave, back to work'. I go back to the stand and they wave as they dance by."

Five or six times a night Marie-Hélène is approached by hotel guests, generally Americans, who ask her to dance with them. She is not permitted to accept and Moxie Whitney, her boss and leader of the Royal York's orchestra, usually manages to be within range if there should be any unpleasantness, which Marie-Hélène insists has never occurred.

Marie-Hélène sings about fifteen or twenty of the hundred or so tunes Moxie and the band play each night so this leaves her considerable time to sit in her straight-backed blue leather chair at the front of the bandstand and look alert and charming. Her ability to look gay and interested during the vacant spaces around her numbers strikes her admirers as something of a *tour de force*.

"It is not difficult at all," Marie-Hélène responds with a diplomacy beyond the call of duty. "It sounds untrue, but I really enjoy listening to Moxie's music. He is my favorite orchestra leader."

Marie-Hélène fights boredom by watching certain couples on the floor while appearing to have her eyes focused

on infinity. She tries to decide from their behavior with each other if they are dating and in love, married and in love or just married.

She also puts in the time chatting to friends who pause in their revolutions around the floor, and studying the clothes of the women who whirl past her in the dusk of the dance floor.

Despite the stiff competition of these prosperous patrons, the tiny vocalist is frequently the best dressed woman in the room. "You can't wear fifteen or twenty dollar evening dresses in a place like this," she mourns in her rich French accent. "Sometimes people come up and feel the material and ask where I have bought my dress."

Marie-Hélène feels so keenly about maintaining the prestige of the Royal York in situations like these that she never pays less than eighty dollars for a gown. She has fifteen now, two of them French originals worth a hundred and fifty dollars. Her gowns range from demure white tulle to dramatic black taffeta with a Mexican scarf insert. She keeps her working clothes on a rack in the room the hotel has assigned her on the second floor, where the bed has been pushed aside to make room for the bouffant wardrobe. In the closet are six pairs of slender evening sandals—two black, two silver and two gold, and the dresser holds two black lace stoles, a white angora stole, forty pairs of earrings and a half dozen rhinestone necklaces.

Glamour on the Job

When she arrives in her room each evening she hangs up the sweater and skirt that have disguised her—unintentionally—through the lobby and makes her selection from her rack of gowns. Because the hotel has a few regulars who return every Friday or Saturday, Marie-Hélène keeps note of the dresses worn on these two nights and tries not to repeat them too close together. She puts on her make-up under the bathroom light and worries the rest of the night about it.

"It has to look good under the spotlight when I sing," she explains, "so I should put on quite a bit of rouge and mascara. But also I join my friends at their tables and I don't want to look like a painted woman. It is terribly difficult. I usually ask the cigarette girl if I have too much, but she always says it is just fine."

The rest of the band also changes in the hotel but they have no problem of selection. The men in the band wear dark blue tuxedos, renewed twice a year, and Moxie varies this occasionally with a tartan dinner jacket. Nights that Marie-Hélène has decided on the Mexican striped gown she prays all the way down the elevator and across the lobby that Moxie won't be wearing his plaid jacket, which will clash with her stripes. Through a complete lapse in their customary rapport, Moxie invariably wears the tartan.

In the Canadian dance band business, few bookings can compare for prestige and longevity with the Imperial Room. Marie-Hélène was the first unknown vocalist the hotel has ever hired (her predecessor, Betty Jean Ferguson, was Miss Canada when she was hired), a situation roughly comparable to a boy starting out in business as president of the company. She was not entirely unprepared for such eminence, having sung with the Theatre Under the Stars in Vancouver for a season and then on several CBC Latin American Serenade

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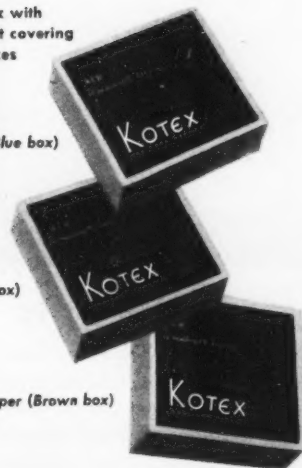
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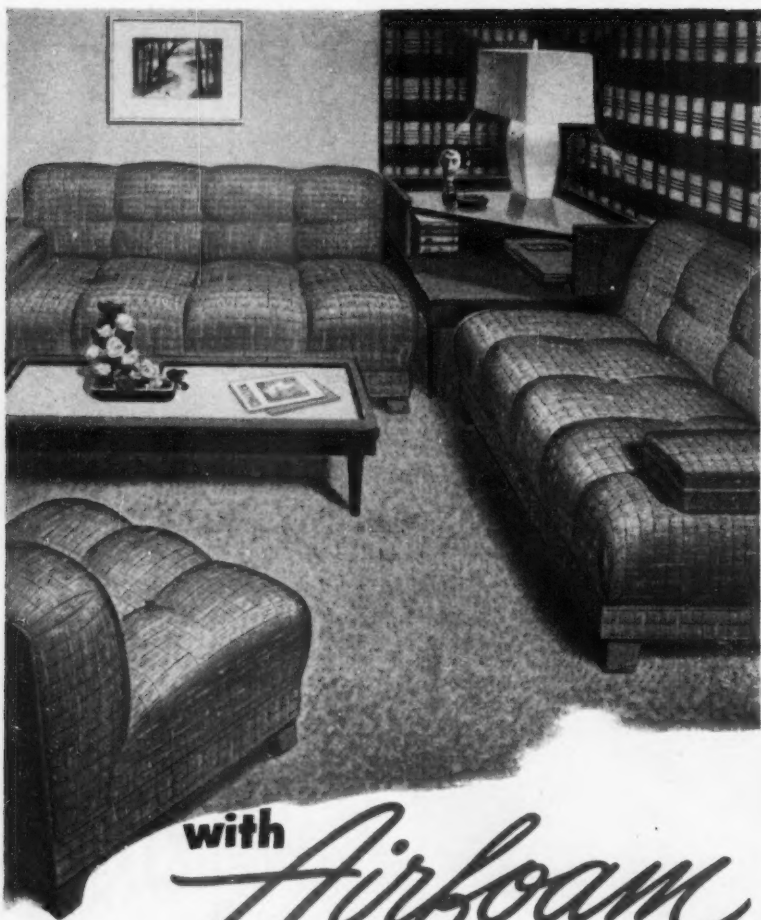
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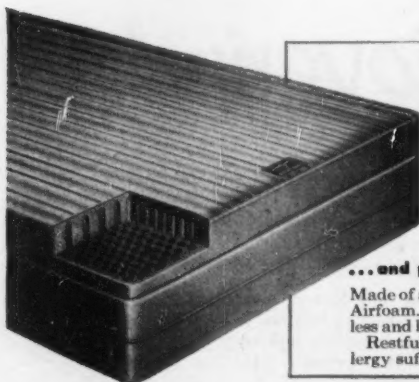
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broadcasts, but it was the first time she had ever sung with a dance band.

"The audience is frighteningly close and you're on your own, without a stage director to tell you what to do," she moaned after her first night.

Because of her prominent father, Marie-Hélène's career attracted a good deal of attention at first. A member of the orchestra constantly murmured "Thank you, Margaret Truman" whenever she finished a number and there was nasty talk of some connection between her getting a job in a CPR hotel and her father's cousin, Lionel Chevrier, being minister of transport.

"That's nonsense," commented Whitney. "We didn't know who she was when Johnny Lindon and I heard her audition. She won us right away, she was just what we wanted."

On a bandstand Marie-Hélène's volatile personality puts freshness and zest in the barely tolerable novelty songs of the day. She sings in French or Spanish even better than she does in English, with more warmth and passion than most singers dare show. She is so emotional that she cries openly when the orchestra plays music she loves, like "Tenderness." Her only fault is that her voice is still too light to sing ballads effectively, according to her boss.

Miss Chevrier, who began her singing career with operatic training, prefers to sing cowboy songs herself. "I am just mad about cowboy songs," she tells acquaintances. "Tell Moxie you think the band should play more cowboy music." She has a schizophrenic taste for Mozart and Sophie Tucker. Incomprehensibly, her favorite entertainers are lusty-voiced Judy Canova and Dorothy Shea, the Park Avenue hill-billy. She pronounces the latter "heelbeely".

Marie-Hélène's accent has stuck to her

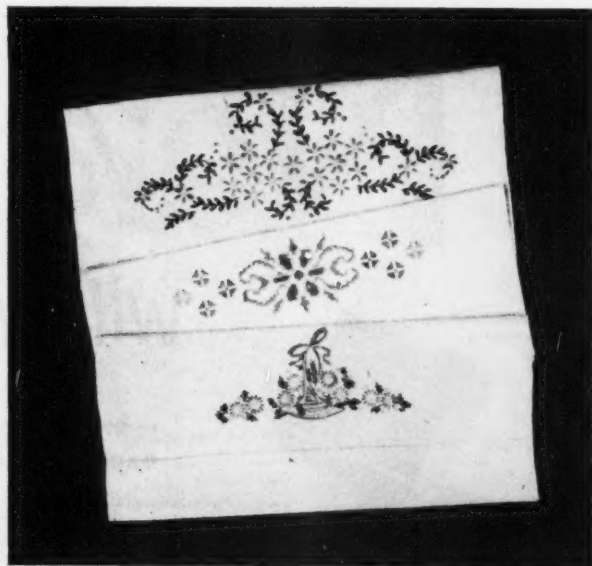
despite fifteen years of living in Toronto because it is still the language she speaks at home. She and her mother absent-mindedly greet the milkman in French, when he calls at their Spadina Road apartment and remember to shift languages only when it strikes them that his expression is somewhat stunned.

Whitney claims that Marie-Hélène has an unusually good style of presentation and this is a matter to which his chanteuse has given much thought. "I remember first of all to keep my hands off the microphone," she explains. "Then I turn my head and try to take in the whole room—people hate to be ignored. If it is a love song I am singing I don't move my hands at all. The dancers are holding one another close and maybe they are in love and they don't want to be distracted."

If Marie-Hélène is singing a gimmick tune, like "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" or "Friendship" which she does in comic hats, she permits herself any antic which occurs to her. She fires imaginary six-shooters into the crowd, rolls her banjo eyes and claps her hands. Afterward she collects her scattered dignity with a shy smile and sinks into her chair, a perfect lady.

Moxie's band has a normal repertoire of a thousand songs, of which two hundred will be for Marie-Hélène to sing. Most singers have to sing a song for a week or more with the lyrics cupped in the palm of their hand before they can memorize them, but Marie-Hélène can recall each of her two hundred songs without any prompting and never takes a set of lyrics to the microphone. She can study a new song for a half hour and remember it for years afterward, a valuable asset for a dance band singer who often has to sing a request out of some patron's romantic past.

Continued on page 48



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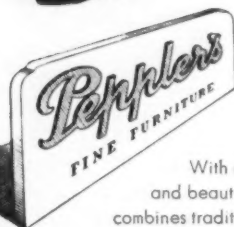
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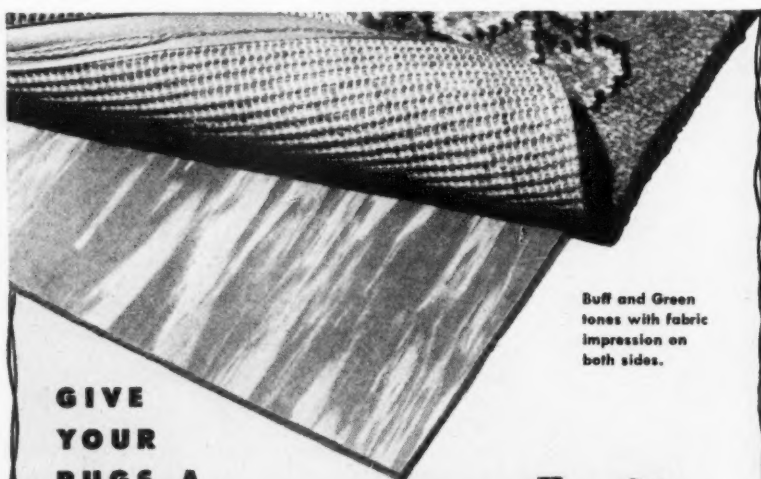


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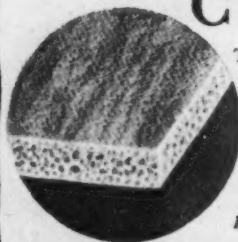


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Continued from page 44

Because her working hours are from ten until one-thirty every night but Saturday, when she is through at midnight, Marie-Hélène's dates are always for dinner and sometimes an early movie. She claims to know every eating place in Toronto, but admits with reluctance that her diabolical escorts seem to prefer taking her to the dining room of the rival King Edward Hotel. Afterward they escort her to the Royal York and leave her, sometimes for a date with another girl. When Marie-Hélène gets home the next morning around two, she takes an egg-nog out of the refrigerator where her mother has put it and sits at the kitchen table to read in the society pages of the newspapers about the parties she is missing. This is not the high point of her day.

Marie-Hélène is the third daughter of the Chevriers and was born in Ottawa during her father's eighteen-year term as federal member of parliament for the capital. Disappointed that she was a tiny, dainty girl instead of the burly Edgar Junior he had desired, her father compensated for his loss by teaching her to be a crack shot with a 22 Winchester and the kind of fisherman who baits her own hook.

After his appointment to the Supreme Court of Ontario Mr. Justice Chevrier took his family to Toronto and Marie-Hélène was transferred from Notre Dame Convent to Loretto Abbey and later St. Clement's, an Anglican private school. At St. Clement's she delighted her classmates with imitations of the teachers with the inevitable result that her impersonation was overheard by a teacher. Her talent was promptly channeled into dramatics and she began studying drama at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. She added voice training almost as an afterthought.

Her improving voice, a lovely lyric coloratura, led her to try out on Singing Stars of Tomorrow. One of her best arias was the pagesong from Meyerbeer's opera "Les Huguenots," which she sang when she was eighteen. Almost overnight she suffered a catastrophe—her voice changed and she lost all her high notes. She switched to semi-classical

songs like "La Mer," but scored best with faster beat songs.

"Would you like to hear some before and after records?" she cheerfully asks visitors to the comfortable upper duplex she shares with her parents. "You never heard such a difference in your life." She often plays records of her coloratura voice and listens with a distracted expression. The tragedy was driven home when she lost out in an Opportunity Knocks final to a girl with a voice exactly like hers had been.

Her broadcasts won her a job singing leading roles in Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars operettas, after which she went to New York for a winter of dramatic training. CBS television used her for a fifteen minute spot singing French Canadian songs, a labor of love, and the receptionist there put her on to some musical comedy casting opportunities. She tried out for "Inside USA" but misunderstood the casting director. He said "You will do" and she thought he said "You may go" and left the theatre.

It was when she returned home that she heard the Royal York was holding auditions for a summer replacement singer.

"I saw my own limitations to becoming a great singer," she once told a friend. "You have to work so hard and be so very good. So I took the way I felt best suited my talents."

The Royal York job fits the well-assembled Miss Chevrier in just about every way, for if her working clothes eat up most of the salary she draws at the hotel, her career at least is concentrated in atmospheres of the utmost gentility. When the CPR sent her to the Chateau Frontenac to sing in French for a few weeks she was accompanied by her mother to ensure that conditions were suitable. An assignment to accompany Moxie Whitney's band to Banff Springs last summer was accepted only after protracted bilingual conversations in the family.

"It is difficult, being my father's daughter and a dance band singer as well," Marie-Hélène sighs. It is a situation which requires finesse, a French word for Marie-Hélène Chevrier. +

THE FEARFUL HEART

Continued from page 21

boy was grinning down at her. She saw amusement, interest, friendliness, in the piercingly blue eyes set in a tanned face. Then the clerk was greeting him: "Hello, Karl! Got your tickets waiting..." She was at the door when he called after her. "I'll hold the train for you."

"Thanks," she laughed back over her shoulder, and ran.

She seemed to keep running, literally, through the next few hours, and when at last she rushed into St. Pancras Station, the train was already beginning to pant. Desperately she ran toward it; then her bag was snatched from her hand, an amused voice said, "I told you I'd hold it for you." She was pulled up the steps, and her trip had begun.

Afterward, that part of the journey remained an impressionistic jumble. She was looking out the window at a beautiful vista of tin-roofed sheds with broken windows and trying not to bounce up

and down with excitement. She was meeting Karl's mother who smiled at her warmly. She was explaining that this was her first trip to Sweden.

"Do you speak Swedish?" Karl demanded.

"No—"

"Good. Then I will give you your first lesson. May I sit here?"

"Why, yes," Anne said faintly, thinking of her own mother's reaction to so swift an acquaintance.

As if he read her mind, he grinned.

"I'm not usually so bold," he explained. "Mother is Swedish, and she brought us up to be pretty formal. But I wanted to talk to you from the minute I saw you in the travel bureau," he paused, as if surprised himself. "It was because you looked so alive," he said, "as if when you touched anything you'd strike sparks from it." He added, "And you should know a few Swedish words."

"I guess I should..."

"My name is Karl Arden," and he gave a little bow. "If you are ready, I shall now teach you to count."

He did. But her accent, it seemed,

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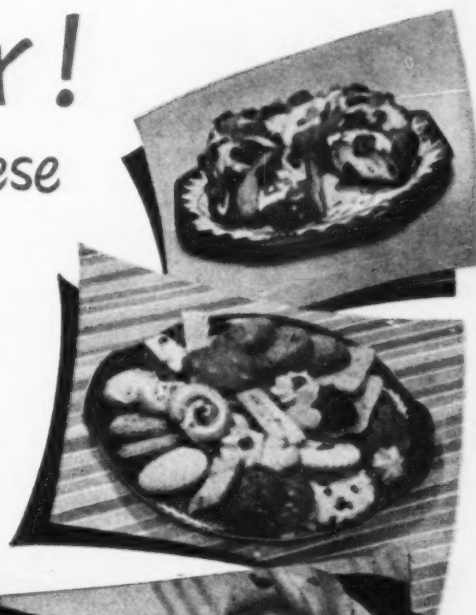
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was very funny. They laughed most of the way to Tilbury. Then there was a wonderful jumble of customs and passports and going on board and finding her cabin. The joy of hanging up her clothes in her own little closet, and putting things in the shiny brown lockers by the bunk! But when the gong sounded for supper she felt a little scared. She went up, timidly, looking for table twelve, the number the purser had given her. And Karl was there, standing up, and holding her chair.

"Now do you believe in fate?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," Anne agreed, but inwardly she thought, "Maybe fate needed a word to the purser." And at that, she felt a strange new joy rising through her, till she seemed part of the yellow roses on the table, the music, and the mermaid mural on the wall.

Supper was gay. Karl began initiating her into Swedish customs. "We are a very formal people," he said. "Every time I return, I am afraid I will do something wrong, and a policeman will tap me on the shoulder—"

"Oh Karl!" his mother protested, but she smiled indulgently.

When they went into the lounge for coffee Karl's mother patted her hand. "I have never heard Karl talk so much," she said, and Anne knew it was meant, obliquely, as a compliment.

They talked without stopping all evening. He told her that his father was English, and that they lived in London. That they were going to visit his grandmother in Stockholm. He was studying medicine, and was specially interested in cancer research. "I haven't had much time for anything else," he admitted, "but if I had a hobby, it would be the same as yours. Only I guess with you photography isn't really a hobby—it's work."

"Same thing," she said happily. "That's where we're both lucky. We're doing what we want to do."

"You'll get some wonderful shots in Stockholm," he promised. "There's a park called Skansen with bits of life brought from all parts of Sweden—and from all times in history. We'll go there together so I can watch your technique. But it's tough that this is the darkest month of the year."

"I don't mind," Anne said. "I like November because it takes a creative effort to enjoy it. In summer everything's handed to you on a platter—you feel rather guilty if you aren't happy."

"Fine, then." His eyes were intent on her face, but she looked away. This was a friendship; deep looks were part of what might change it into something else. And that, she reminded herself, was what she would not allow to happen.

Perhaps he understood. When at last she said it was time for her to go to bed, he said, "Till tomorrow, then . . ." but his look was impersonal; he gave a little bow — "like a proper formal Swede," she thought.

And yet, lying in her bunk, feeling the strange and wonderful roll of the boat, his face flashed before her eyes and it was not the impersonal look that she saw, but the intent one, warm and eager.

The sun was shining, the sea had calmed after a stormy night. They walked round and round, then sat in deck chairs, their faces turned to the sun. When they were silent it was a warm contented silence, without ten-

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sions. Then suddenly they would begin to speak eagerly at the same time, and both would dissolve into laughter.

Before dinner, she went to her own cabin, while Karl had a steam bath. She lay on the bunk, and suddenly realized that her whole being seemed to be purring, like a well-fed cat. "So this is what an ocean trip does for one," she mocked herself. "I'll have to tell Kathy." And then lay rigid, knowing Kathy would give only one explanation for her joy.

"It's not true," Anne muttered fiercely. "It's not." Not on a boat. Any idiot knows enough not to fall in love on a boat.

She swung her legs off the bunk. Time to get dressed for dinner.

For dinner—and for dancing. How strange, she thought, that I never bothered much about dancing before. For this was as easy as dreams of flying; it was like swimming at night when the sea is a new element, like liquid satin. So they danced, and when the boat rolled they greeted the tilting deck with delighted laughter and steadied each other till the rhythm caught them again.

Suddenly the music stopped. Karl's hand at her elbow guided her toward the deck, but something in her resisted.

His eyes were guileless, looking down at her. "What's the matter? Don't you want any fresh air?"

"No."

"I do." His hand did not release its pressure, so they were outside, and she leaned against the rail, turned away from him.

"Anne, what is it? One minute you look as if you'd never be afraid of anything, and the next you seem to be afraid of me—tell me."

She shook her head, but he went on, "Oh, I know it's too fast, but it just happened that way. If we'd met at home it would have been different, but it doesn't make it any less real this way."

She did not answer, and he took her shoulders gently, turning her to him. "Anne—do you dislike me?"

Impossible not to smile at that. She would not look at him, but she could feel his eyes searching her face. "All right, then. We're friends. But I happen to be falling in love. I think you are too. But you're afraid, for some reason. Aren't you?"

His hands on her shoulders were shaking her gently. "Please tell me . . ."

"Yes."

Now his hand was under her chin, forcing her to look up at him. "But you needn't be afraid. Look, darling, we'll see each other every day in Stockholm, and then when we get back to London. Oh, there are places I want to show you there, too, even if you've seen them already. I want you to see them with me."

He paused, and then his arms were round her, his voice murmuring in her ear, "It's all right, darling, it's all right."

Lulled, lulled, the fear . . . imagined fear incredible . . . he understood, he cared about how she felt, as no one else had cared. She need not hide from loving, she could throw off fear. Exultantly she raised her face. His lips touched hers, but gently, gently. His voice murmured, "Whatever happened to make you afraid . . . I'll show you, you needn't be afraid with me."



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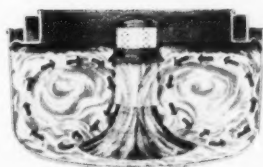
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"I'm not," she said clearly, and felt his arms tighten. Only an echo of the old knowledge still lingered . . . Now I am vulnerable . . . now I can be hurt . . . His hand smoothed back her hair, and the echo was gone. She thought, as people in love have thought since the world began, This is different, this is Karl.

Then his mouth found hers again, young and hard and sweet, and she was part of the night, happy, free and fearless, like the wind blowing, like the

waves touched by the radiance of the moon.

Morning came, and the sweet wild joy woke with her. It stayed while they docked at Gothenburg and were rushed to the boat train. Soon they were speeding through Sweden, and the joy mingled with an exultant feeling of recognition. Lakes and pine trees on rocky hillsides and neat red farmhouses. "It's like home," she cried, "There's a part of Northern Ontario . . ."

At last Karl touched her hand. "We're nearly there," he said. She should have been more excited than ever, yet how could she want the train to arrive? The boat and the train had been a little world to themselves. As if he read her mind, he said, "I almost hate to get there . . . the trip's been so perfect." Then he added, "And you haven't given me your phone number."

"Here." She pulled out a letter from Elaine, with the phone number scrawled in the corner. He glanced at it

"Is your handwriting as bad as that?"

"Almost. It's a family failing."

"Thanks," he said, writing it down.

"I might as well memorize it right now." Later, in the taxi pulling away from the station, she remembered that, and smiled. Elaine had not been there, but she'd be waiting for her at the house. And then Karl would phone, to arrange plans for the evening.

Now the taxi had left the heart of the city; it seemed to have crossed a dozen bridges before it pulled up before a house surrounded by pines and gleaming birch. Excitedly Anne climbed out, fumbling among the unfamiliar kronor in her purse, then leaned on the doorbell as the driver lifted her bag onto the porch. The bell pealed musically, and was still. The taxi pulled away, but the door did not open. Impatiently Anne rang again, then turned the handle. The door was locked.

"Well!" Anne felt her excitement fizzle out unpleasantly. "A fine welcome. I suppose she's gone to the store—but she could have left the door open. Maybe at the back . . ." But the back door was locked too.

Half an hour later Anne decided she would have made an expert burglar. A basement window had yielded without too much persuasion. Emerging somewhat disheveled, Anne looked round with delight. The house was cold—icy cold—but it welcomed her with softly gleaming blond wood and gay flowered drapes. And the kitchen, as Elaine had said in one of her letters, was a dream. There was only one flaw—a yellow envelope lay on the rug in the hall. It was the telegram announcing her arrival.

A cold feeling of loneliness settled in her stomach. That meant Elaine had been away at least three days. Maybe she would be away as many more. And there had been so much she wanted to ask her about.

But maybe she had found her own answers. Karl, she thought. When he phones . . .

Suddenly she was gay again. Shopping first, she thought. I'll buy presents for everybody.

The afternoon flew. When at last, arms laden, she made her way in, the house seemed silent and solitary. But she was invulnerable, nothing could hurt her. She felt exultant, alone and proud in a strange city. The fire she built in the fireplace burned well, the picnic meal she spread in front of it tasted good.

Anne dressed carefully, so she would be ready whenever Karl phoned.

Now her whole being was waiting, geared to the sound of the telephone bell. Restlessly she opened her parcels—a pendant for Kathy, of pottery with an odd design on it; handwoven ties for her father, and souvenirs—a real Swedish angel made of rye straw, blue and red horses from Dalecarlia. And her mother's, a practical present, a kitchen shelf made of wood with plastic compartments to hold sugar and coffee and tea . . . just like the one in Elaine's kitchen.

"She'll like it, I know she will," Anne thought, and glanced at the clock. Late. Oddly late. She clicked on the radio, and wild Cossack music swung into the room. But it was too loud. Suppose she didn't hear the phone. She turned the radio off, and the silence seemed loud, too.

The minutes creaked by. There were



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ALL WOOL PILE

crumbs on the mat in front of the fire. Slowly and methodically she got a broom and swept them up.

And suddenly she knew. The phone was not going to ring.

For a moment she stood still in the middle of the room, while somewhere a floor board creaked, and a bare branch tapped on the wall. Then the pain came. The pain, and the anger. It was as if she had always known this would happen. She had wanted only friendship. There had been a point where she need not have been hurt—but he had forced her beyond it. Why? Just to see if he could? Was that how men were? Trying for power. Perhaps he had intended to phone, but now it was not convenient, he had something better to do. In her mind's eye she saw a blond Swedish girl dropping in . . . "Oh, Karl, I just heard you were back!" No need, then, for a ship's acquaintance, to be remembered as a nice little thing, but naïve.

The anger at herself grew. Fool, she mocked, piling blankets furiously on the sofa in front of the fire, idiot, you had it all figured out, you were so sure . . . and then, at the first push, you go overboard, like any green girl in love with love.

There had been storm warnings enough. Not just what had happened to Elaine—so many other things she had heard, advice her mother had given her, the night Kathy had cried . . . The hurt had not lasted with Kathy; she had been just crazy about someone else the next week. But I'm not like that, Anne thought, lying rigid, watching the flames shrink, I can't feel this way, and then turn it off.

And yet I must. I must—

The long night passed. Anne slept fitfully, rigid with cold, and finally got up, determined. *I must.* But eating breakfast, getting ready to go out, she realized she was still listening for the phone. She shook herself angrily. Forget him. Wipe him out as if he had never been. Consider the episode an unpleasant accident, like spraining your ankle, and go on from there.

You can walk on a sprained ankle, if you can stand the pain. So she walked. To Drottningholm Castle, which was not so far from the house . . . only to find herself running back, back through the barren rosebeds, past the naked and cold sculptured figures that looked after her mockingly . . . back to the house, in case the phone should ring.

She stood in the empty house and again shame filled her. Surely she was stronger than that. Out again, then. Catch the blue bus, see Stockholm, then, as you would have if you had never met him. You still have your camera. Get to work!

The Old Town, first, what do they call it? Gamla Stan. She walked over the bridge, and suddenly left beautiful streamlined Sweden behind. She was in a maze of twisting narrow lanes, of old, old, buildings in mellowed rusty reds; she climbed a cobbled hill and was in the oldest church, Storkyrkan, with its fluted brick pillars, bricks curved high in the vaulted roof; she was staring at the luxurious canopied seats raised for the king and queen; and at the great statue of George, killing a dragon studded with savage spikes.

For a moment she was carried back. Here on this little island she walked

where Viking heroes had walked, seven hundred years ago. And yet—to see all this with Karl! To have him take her arm, tell her the traditions, was St. George a Swedish hero as well as English?

The ache was too strong. It's no use, she thought, I'm going home, he might still phone. Then she flung up her head. Coward. How you talked, before you knew what you were talking about. You're going to work.

So I'll go to Skansen, she said, and it

was as if she could hear his voice, "We'll go together," he said. "You'll specially like Skansen . . ."

The bus again. And then a giant escalator taking her up the side of a rocky promontory. She bought her ticket, and then, truly, she was moving through time as well as through space. She walked along a winding road, under the dark pines, and there were rune stones set by it. She read, "Bjorn, Odulf, Gunnar, and Holmdis let raise this stone after Ulf, Ginlog's husband,

but Asmund hewed . . ." And she wondered what Asmund looked like, as he hewed, some thousand years ago.

Now at last she was shaken out of her self-centred preoccupation. She was seeing things for themselves, seeing them again with her camera eye. That hut, for instance, thatched with birch bark, and covered with turf. A perfect illustration for a fairytale. She unslung her camera from her shoulder. It was colder now; a few snowflakes drifted

Continued on page 55

a Bright, New Outlook for Dull, Dry Skin

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

How often have you been depressed at the sight of rough flakes on your skin? Skin that holds make-up in grainy blotches... looks dull and adds years to your face!

Gloom won't chase dry skin away. But, here's how you can put a fresh glow on your face, no matter how dry your skin is now! For as little as twenty-three cents, you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!



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Rhonda
Fleming
writes
home!

Dear Louise. *RF*
Watch for my new picture, *Paramount's "Pony Express"*—in Technicolor!

As to your other question, I do have a favorite Cold Cream—Woodbury! It has a wonderful ingredient called *Penaten* that penetrates deep—loosens every trace of make-up! My face has never felt so clean, so smooth. I've used more expensive creams, but none better than

Woodbury Cold Cream
Do try it! Love,
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from the dark sky. A bad day for taking pictures. A Spartan day—appropriate, really, you couldn't be soft on a day like this. But now she was no longer sorry for herself. There's something I can do. I have a weapon, not against love, but against useless pain in love.

A crane lit on the roof and remained motionless just long enough for a perfect shot. Triumphant she walked back along the path and focused on a group of reindeer.

It was in that moment of creativeness, that she saw a man moving beyond the Lapland hut. A fair man, no Laplander. For an instant she stood stock-still, the shock of it running like ice over her body. Then, fumbling, she closed her camera and turned swiftly back along the path.

Blind anger drove her along. Even now he made trouble—she refused to allow any other thought. This time he had spoiled a good picture.

Feet pounded behind her. She went faster. Karl's voice cried, "Anne! Anne, wait!" But she would not turn.

"Anne, you idiot!" Suddenly her arm was caught, he had swung her round so that she had to face him. Then he hesitated, seeing her white face. "Anne! What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Let me go."

For a moment they stood still, staring in anger. His face was white now too. Then he tried to smile. "You're not glad. You don't care that I found you." "Should I?"

He said slowly, "I thought so. I thought—"

"You were wrong," she said abruptly. "Now let me go. I've got some pictures to take."

His hands dropped. "You don't care how much you hurt me," he said wonderingly.

She had turned to go, but the phrase stopped her, in spite of herself. "How could I hurt you?"

His words came in a rush. "What do you think I've been doing all week end? Trying to phone you, and the operator saying. There's no such number. Your sister can't write—or I can't read! And nearly going crazy, there are so many Andersons in Stockholm, and I knew I'd never find you back in London. And then I decided to cover all the places you'd be sure to go to, especially the ones I'd mentioned. Only I couldn't be at them all at once. So I had everyone helping. I knew one of the gatekeepers here, so I asked him to phone the house if you showed up. I knew there wouldn't be many foreigners here on a day like this . . . and he spotted you right off—" He paused, and the hurt was there, she could see it in his eyes. "So I find you—and I feel as if the world's going up in colored lights—and then I find it didn't make any difference to you at all. You didn't trust me, as I would have trusted you, no matter what happened. Just your pride is a little hurt, because I didn't phone."

"Just my pride?" she said, and she was laughing, she was crying, she didn't know which, the relief was so great, but it didn't matter, nothing mattered, not her pride, nor her pain . . . only his. "That's the difference," she thought, in a strange daze. "Now I know I'm in love!" Then his arms were round her, making a house against the snow, against all foolish fear. "It's all right!" she said, as he had, once before. Then his lips found hers, and it was so much, so very much more. ♦



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CHATELAINE — FEBRUARY, 1953

Her old-fashioned bark basket was as sturdy and square-built as its owner, and Mrs. Kelly never went visiting without it. It carried her black hand-satchel and her spectacle case and the white silk handkerchief she polished her spectacles with, and always something besides. It might be a little bag of humbugs or a piece of fresh spice cake done up in a napkin, or a clipping from an old newspaper folded in an envelope. She had a lot of clippings, most of them about Sir John A. Macdonald.

When he was stumping the country for his National Policy, John A. had spoken at a picnic near Mrs. Kelly's village, and she went to hear him. That had been sixty years before, when she was no more than a bit of a girl, but she was still for Sir John A. and his National Policy, and she still felt distrust of Grits. That was what was wrong with our village, she used to say: too many Grits in it, and no spirit in the Tories. Things were different in her village.

If Mrs. Kelly was a fair sample they must have been, for while she lived her spirit never failed. Though a June came when she could not go even as far as the corner by the asparagus bed to see her lily bloom, she would admit no more than a slight reverse. And by October she was coming up the shore with her basket, spirits high as ever.

She was feeling fine again; hadn't felt better in years; going to live to see the Grits turned out after all. She chuckled over that one till she nearly lost her breath. Then she started talking again, about gardening. Would we be moving any perennials this fall? If so, she was going to bring her lily up and see how it would do in the bed by our path. It had not done so well the last blooming.

One after another, she looked us all straight in the eye as she said what we all knew was not so. And one after another we all agreed with her.

Mrs. Kelly's lily came up the shore road that very day and Mrs. Kelly showed us where to plant it, with some horse-and-buggy roots behind it to keep it company.

Mrs. Kelly saw it blooming there the next June and advised a little more peat forked in around the root. It was going to do fine, she said; just like the Tories next election.

We forked in the peat that autumn and Mrs. Kelly's lily did fine; rather better than the Tories, as it turned out. When it bloomed again the lily was almost more beautiful than ever before. But Mrs. Kelly was not there to see it.

Before we sold our place at the lake we dug up Mrs. Kelly's lily and divided the root, which had grown tremendous. One piece found its way to Aunt Robin's garden in England. Another piece we brought down to a city garden, where it bloomed after a while but not with the old generosity.

"Aunt Robin took me to see a man who knows all about lilies," Gormie was saying. "He told me how to grow them. You dig the earth very deep and put a lot of peat in the bottom of the hole and then put the earth back in and plant the seeds only a little way from the top.

"I have it all written down some place, and I'm going to do mine that way and have lots of them. I want Mrs. Kelly's lily all over my garden . . ."

It is a sort of immortality Mrs. Kelly would like, too. +

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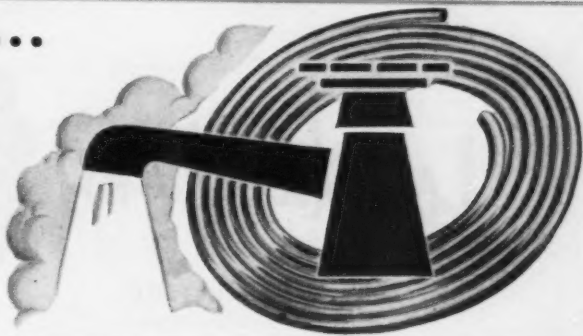
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TROPICAL ISLAND

Continued from page 6

On the men's part, there is no great eagerness for day-wage work, since money is not essential to their lives. But their wives (usually a courtesy title) like to have a little cash on hand to rig out the children immaculately for school, and to meet the really heavy costs they will face should a death occur in the

family. Births are so ordinary an occurrence, and marriages so rare because of the cost of the conventional celebrations that they don't figure importantly in the family budget. But the "Forty Days' Singing" must be staged and paid for if the soul of the departed is to be freed from its earthly ties, accompanied by night-long eating and drinking, and speech-making in praise of the deceased.

Terry Hill looks down at the Atlantic from seven hundred feet above Mount St. George, and the vista from the front

gallery is something worth seeing, particularly in January when the immortal trees, planted to shade the cocoa, blanket the valleys below in brilliant orange-red in sharp contrast to the green of the inshore sea beyond. The house, which is only about thirty years old, is of modest, three-bedroom proportions, a cream frame cube mounted on concrete stilts in conventional tropical style. It is unremarkable except for its possession of a bathtub, an exotic treasure in this land where everyone showers.

Two circles of scarlet hibiscus hedge surround the house and its front yard. Between the hedges are fruit trees: mangoes, grapefruit, limes, avocados, oranges, rough lemons, sapodillas, guavas. Beyond them grows enough coffee to satisfy even our own abnormally large thirst, and of such magnificent quality that the government buys berries from us for seed.

Close to my house, too, are my pig-house, my chicken-run and my vegetable gardens. Lettuce and cabbage turn out stunted, onions and beets were a dismal failure. Better gardeners than I am can grow most of the northern vegetables. The tropical yams, sweet potatoes, tannias, eddoes, dasheens and ochros are good sustaining stuff for a hard day's work in the fields, but taste flat to our northern palates. We grow them, but for market.

The chicken-run is producing beyond our household needs and I am selling eggs. The pigs look promising, but it will be a long day before we get back our investment in that department. We get an ample supply of rather thin milk, delivered daily in rum bottles, from the men who rent pasture.

That's my province. Beyond it are the acres—sixty now, since we sold our Timagami cottage in Northern Ontario for enough to buy the other twenty—which my husband is laboriously bringing into cultivation. More cocoa, coconuts, coffee and bananas are going in, up to the limit of our resources.

Market days are Wednesdays and Saturdays at Scarborough, twelve miles away. There I buy what we don't raise, northern vegetables and rather stringy meat if I can find them. At Hatt's grocery store I can get Canadian flour of a quality so questionable that the Trinidad bakers are threatening a strike; strong-smelling Canadian dried cod; Dutch canned goods; New Zealand butter and Australian cheese. For better meat and a wider selection of canned stuff I can mail an order to a big Port-of-Spain store and get prompt delivery via the little inter-island steamer.

Fish is plentiful. Coming back to Mount St. George in their fragile sailboats, the fishermen blow a blast on a conch shell to advertise their catch. I drive down and join the circle of housewives around the impromptu market set up at the beached boats. There are redfish, the big crayfish misnamed lobsters, and occasionally huge sea turtles—lovely meat with no trace of fish flavor.

Local Schiaparelli

Ready-to-wear clothing is almost unknown. We have our local Dior and Schiaparelli and a dozen other first-class dressmakers. They have never seen a pattern. Show them a picture, or say you want a skirt like Mrs. So-and-so's with the bodice like this and sleeves like that, and you'll get it, beautifully made and in an unbelievably short time. Materials are cheap and good: chambray sixty cents a yard, seersucker fifty cents, white closely woven sheeting seventy-five cents. Lovely English cashmere suiting sells for seven dollars fifty a yard. There are two shoemakers who can copy any type of shoe in linen, kid or suede for eight dollars a pair.

For recreation we swim whenever we have time, and we read a great deal. The public library is surprisingly good. Sunday mornings the year round the island whites meet at Bacolet Beach for gossip and a swim, and the tropical con-

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Loretta Young

star of

"BECAUSE OF YOU"

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vention of "no spirits before sundown" tends to be relaxed. Throughout the year there is a good deal of private entertaining, and twice a year there is a race-meet. As for movies, the single theatre has a marked leaning toward westerns.

Ants are the worst insect pest, coming in a wide variety, troublesome, destructive and sometimes vicious. Parasol ants, each carrying its tiny bit of leaf or blossom in an endless parade, can strip a flowering bush in a matter of hours. The house-infesting ants lurk in hidden corners to swarm out over any food left uncovered. But the Health Department will effectively spray your house free of charge, ridding you for a time of these and all other pests. Termites have not bothered us, sensibly preferring tasty fallen logs to the painted house boards.

Over the years, Tobago has won a victory against the malarial mosquito, and we are told there have been no new cases for a long time past. We rarely see a mosquito and sleep without nets.

Death Has a Sting

Scorpions are a definite danger in field and bush, but mercifully are not abundant, nor seriously harmful if prompt and drastic action is taken with tourniquet and razor-blade. My husband cherishes a letter from Mike Cupid crediting him with saving Mistress Cupid's life after she had been stung in the face by a scorpion. Once stung himself, my husband knew what to do, and claims his treatment is more effective than the native ones of eating a fried scorpion or drinking rum in which a scorpion has been steeped, the latter method being generally preferred.

After our first trial run, we estimated that twenty-four hundred dollars a year would be ample for our needs. Today we feel we have demonstrated that this figure errs somewhat on the high side, once the rather heavy initial costs have been met. As we learn more, grow more and sell more, we are fairly certain we'll be living comfortably for far less than that—and, with any luck, be here for a long and happy time. +

44 DISHES

Continued from page 17

ITALIAN SAUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| ¼ cup chopped onion | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ¼ cup chopped green pepper | ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| ½ pound minced beef | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 2 tablespoons bread flour | 3 cups cooked spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni |
| 1 (20-ounce) can tomatoes | 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, grated |
| 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce | |

Melt butter or margarine in a large saucepan. Add onions and green pepper. Cook for 5 minutes or until soft. Add ground beef, and cook over low heat until browned, about 10 minutes. Sprinkle flour over meat and blend thoroughly. Add tomatoes, Worcestershire sauce and seasonings. Simmer until well blended. Then add meat mixture with parsley to spaghetti, noodles, rice or macaroni. Mix thoroughly. Pour into a

greased 2 quart casserole. Sprinkle cheese over top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes or until heated through. Serves 6 to 8.

VEAL CURRY

- | | |
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| 4 tablespoons butter or margarine | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 medium onions, sliced | 1½ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 pound veal, cut in small pieces | ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| | 2 tablespoons bread flour |

- 1 teaspoon curry powder (more, if desired)
1 teaspoon sugar

- 1 cup sour cream
3 cups cooked rice, spaghetti, noodles or macaroni

Melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Add onions, veal and seasonings. Stir until veal is lightly browned. Then cover and cook over low heat for one hour or until tender. Remove cover for last half hour of cooking period. Combine flour, curry and sugar. Gradually add sour

cream and mix well, then add to cooked veal in the skillet. Blend thoroughly. Simmer for 15 minutes. Pack cooked rice, spaghetti, noodles or macaroni in a greased ring mold. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Slip ring out of mold onto platter and pour curry in the centre. Serves four.

SHRIMP CREOLE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | ¼ cup finely chopped onion |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|

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- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons bread flour
- 1 (20-ounce) can tomatoes
- 1/8 teaspoon garlic salt
- 1/8 teaspoon thyme
- 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
- Few grains pepper
- 2 (5-ounce) cans whole shrimp
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 4 cups cooked rice, spaghetti, noodles or macaroni

Melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Add onion and green pepper. Cook for 5 minutes or until soft. Add flour and blend well. Gradually add juice from tomatoes, then the tomato pieces. Cook until thickened. Add seasonings. Flake 1 can of shrimp; leave the other can whole. Then add flaked and whole shrimp with parsley. Cover and simmer gently 10 to 15 minutes. Pack cooked rice, spaghetti, noodles or macaroni into greased custard cups. Place on a pie plate in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Unmold rice cups onto a platter and pour hot Shrimp Creole over mounds, or serve in a ring mold with Shrimp Creole in the centre. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and sliced eggs. Serves six.

CHOP SUEY

- 1 teaspoon butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup blanched almonds, halved
- 1 pound lean pork
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 1/2 cups celery, sliced
- 1 (10-ounce) can consommé
- 1 (15-ounce) can bean sprouts, drained

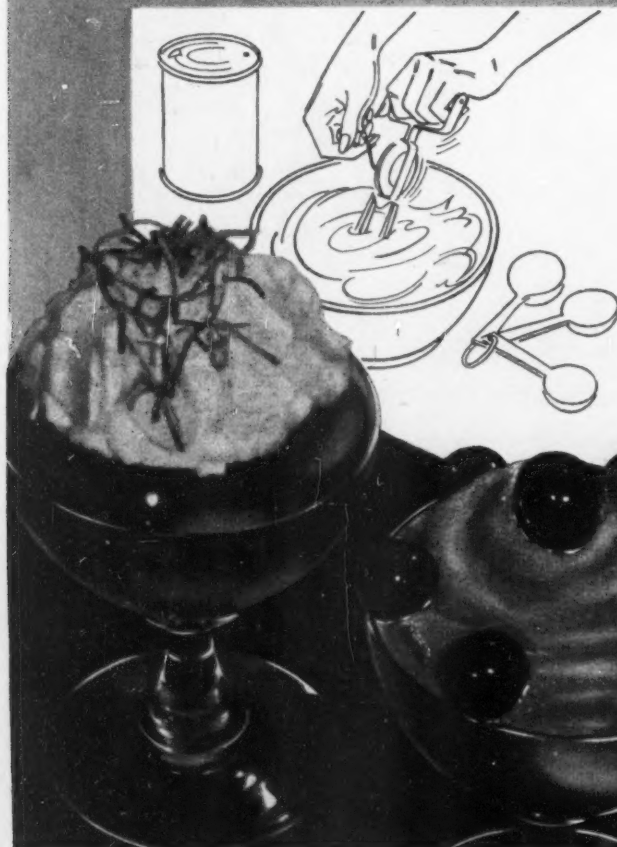
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 4 cups cooked rice, noodles, spaghetti or macaroni

Melt 1 teaspoon butter in shallow pie plate and add halved almonds. Stir almonds till well coated with butter, then roast in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Cut lean pork in narrow strips. Cook in melted butter in a large skillet for about 30 minutes or until tender and brown. Add mushrooms and lightly brown. Add onions and celery. Cook for 10 minutes. Then add consommé and simmer for 5 minutes. Add bean sprouts. Mix soy sauce with cornstarch until well blended, then add to mixture in frying pan and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Serve on hot rice, noodles, spaghetti or macaroni. Serve extra soy sauce with the dinner if desired. Serves 6 to 8.

TUNA ALMOND SAUCE

- 1 teaspoon butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup blanched whole almonds
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups coarsely sliced celery
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1/2 cup coarsely cut green pepper
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 (7-ounce) can tuna fish
- 3 cups cooked rice, noodles, macaroni or spaghetti

Brown almonds in butter as for Chop Suey. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in large skillet, then add celery, onion and green pepper. Cook over moderate heat



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for 5 minutes. Add hot water and salt and cook 5 minutes longer. Blend cornstarch with cold water and soy sauce, stir into cooked mixture and boil one minute. Add coarsely flaked tuna and heat. Serve over hot rice, noodles, macaroni or spaghetti topped with crisp almonds. Serves four.

Note: Additional soy sauce may be added if desired.

TANGY SAUSAGE SAUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 tablespoon butter or shortening | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 pound sausage meat | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup sliced mushrooms | 1 (20-ounce) can tomato juice |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| ½ clove garlic, minced | 3 cups cooked noodles, rice, spaghetti or macaroni |
| 3 tablespoons bread flour | |

Melt butter or shortening in large skillet. Add sausage meat and cook over low heat till brown. Add mushrooms, onions, and garlic; cook until soft. Combine flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add tomato juice and Worcestershire sauce to flour mixture. Mix until smooth. Then add to sausage mixture in skillet. Simmer for half an hour. When ready to serve pour sausage sauce over the noodles, rice, spaghetti or macaroni. Serve immediately. Serves 4 to 6.

LIVER A L'ITALIENNE

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 8 slices side bacon | 1 (20-ounce) can tomatoes |
| 1 pound beef liver | 2 tablespoons bread flour |
| ¼ cup bread flour | ½ teaspoon chili powder |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup hot water |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 4 cups cooked macaroni, noodles, spaghetti or rice |
| 1 medium onion, chopped | |
| ½ cup celery, chopped | |

Fry bacon in large skillet until crisp. Then remove bacon and chop into ½ inch pieces. Leave bacon drippings (about ¼ cup) in skillet. Remove membranes from liver and cut in ½ inch pieces. Combine ¼ cup flour, salt and pepper in small bowl. Dredge liver in seasoned flour. Then brown liver, onions and celery in hot drippings in skillet. Cook over low heat 10 to 15 minutes or until liver is tender. Add canned tomatoes. Mix together 2 tablespoons flour and chili powder, blend with water. Add to liver mixture and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour this sauce over hot cooked macaroni, noodles, spaghetti, or rice. Serve immediately. Serves six.

All these recipes approved by
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2. Night cream

3. Make-up base



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MY CHILDREN

Continued from page 9

Eighty-eight for a normal, healthy life in the city.

I want to make myself perfectly clear—and that's why you won't see my real name at the top of this story. I don't want to pull my punches just because I'm still a member of a small community. I am not talking about people: I am talking about a way of life. I don't think some people are born knowing which fork to pick up and others born to put their feet on the table and grunt for a second helping. But our way of life, from the time Daddy puts us down for his old school tie or belts us with a harness strap, starts us growing into kinds of social creatures. I think small-town life is a circumstance that tends to reduce people to the level of turnips. It doesn't always do it, because of individual hardy intellects that preserve a happy, civilized home environment. Some of the most polite, considerate and instinctively gentlemanly children I have ever met are in the small town I

hope to leave. Some of the finest people I know live in the same small town. But they are what they are in spite of their environment, and in the face of heavy odds. A point we miss when we cite great men who come from small towns is the fact that they were great enough to survive it.

Small-town life in Canada tends to make people narrow and dull. I don't mean that there are no louts in the city; thousands of them hang around restaurants, street corners, city parks and poolrooms, because other factors than the size of the town are involved. But these other factors, such as family background, being equal, the small town will turn out the lout every time. The village kid has two strikes against him, and life is winding up the third pitch—a bean ball.

I don't want my children to grow up in a small town because, for one thing, I want them to have good manners. I don't mean that it would be a world-shaking catastrophe if instead of saying "I beg your pardon?" they continued to grunt "What?" (they picked that up the first week they were here) or used the rural "Ain't" for all persons, tenses and seasons; or dropped their "g's" with the

first frost and never picked them up again, so that they are continually "runnin'", "lightn'" or "learn'n readn', writn' and arithmetic." (My kids aren't "learn'n" any of those things as well as they did in the city, but I'll come to that later.) But these things are important to the extent that they represent bad manners, or rather a small town's suspicion of good manners as sheer affectation, and tendency to regard any display of them as the funniest goldurned thing either side of the old crick.

But manners, in the broad sense of formal custom, is one thing distinguishing man from the trees and toads. It is a formality for a man to wear pants, eat with a fork and stay with one wife. But, for various reasons all are rather necessary to civilization. In a small town, however, the tendency is to get back to fundamentals. Clothes are so casual and so functional that anyone who puts on a suit and tie is either going to a funeral, a wedding or to the city. I see farmers every Saturday night let their wives struggle in or out of cars, often loaded with parcels, while the menfolk look on as dispassionately as if

Continued on page 64

MAGIC WORDS

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Beauty

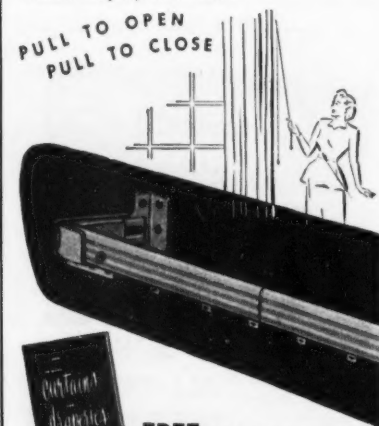
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DRAPERY HARDWARE



Just THREE WORDS can guide you to exciting new window ideas to transform your home like magic. The same words ensure dependable drapery hardware to carry out the ideas... those words are "Kirsch drapery hardware!"

Make no mistake—drapery hardware is not all alike! Kirsch traverse (draw cord) rods, for example, work better and look better longer. Smooth in looks, action and satisfaction. FOUR adjustable length-sizes, for windows up to 150 inches wide.

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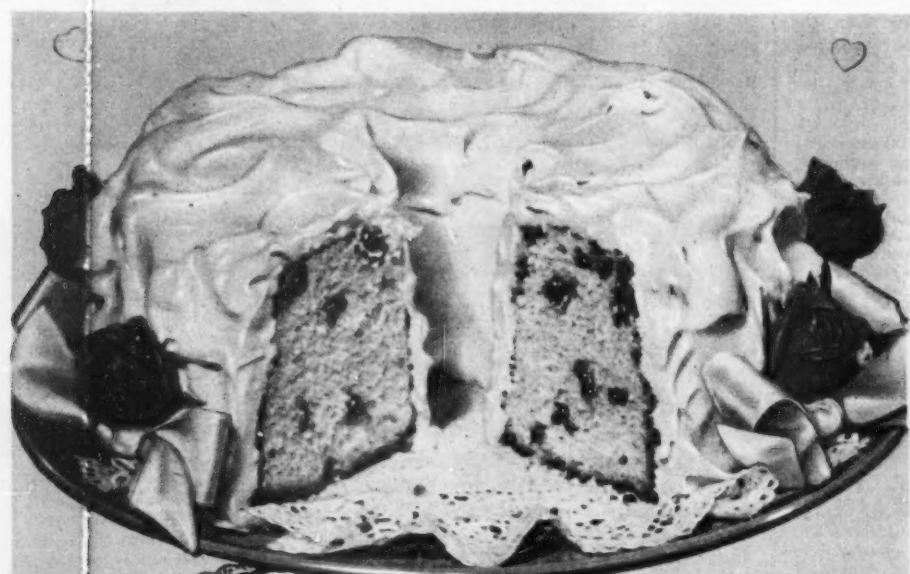
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"RING AROUND A ROMANCE" CAKE

1/2 cup Swift's
1 1/4 cups sugar
2 cups sifted cake
flour
3 teaspoons baking
powder
1 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup maraschino
cherry juice
4 egg whites
16 maraschino
cherries,
cut fine

Cream Swift's until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar and mix well. Alternately add sifted dry ingredients and combined liquids, adding flour first and last. Beat egg whites till they peak, and gently fold into cake batter. Fold in cherries. Place batter in paper-lined and Swift's-greased tube pan. Bake 45 minutes at 350°F. Yield: 1-8" tube pan, or 2-8" layers.

GARNISH—Spread with 7-minute frosting. Sprinkle with granulated sugar tinted pink with a few drops of red food coloring. Ring the cake with tiny rosebud nosegays, tied with pink satin ribbon lovers' knots.

"RING AROUND A ROMANCE"

He loves you—loves your cake! And who wouldn't love this blossomy Valentine Ring! Serve it for festive February parties and bridal showers. Or bake it for your best beau's Valentine!

Swift's gives you digestibility... plus! Plus finer cakes and cookies! Plus flakier pastry. Plus better-tasting fried foods. Plus more nutrition! No wonder good cooks are switching to Swift's! Swift Canadian Co., Limited.



YOUNG PARENTS

Toilet Training Takes Time

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.

Director, Child Health Clinic



Perfectly normal babies vary a great deal in their rates of development, so do not be upset if your baby's training does not progress as rapidly as that of others you know. You should not try to force him to learn what he is not ready for. You have to use your own judgment but there's plenty of leeway and no need to worry about it.

Many mothers are too anxious about training their babies in bowel and bladder control. Not so long ago they were advised to start bowel training at a very young age—even as early as six weeks. Such early efforts are now considered a waste of time and in some cases even harmful. You can occasionally catch a movement in a young baby, but you cannot actually train him until he is mature enough to associate the way he feels with the toilet chair. It takes many months before his nervous system is sufficiently developed so that he can hold in or push out a movement at will. Many babies are not ready to learn bowel control even by the end of their first year.

Sometimes mothers are bothered by boasts of early training successes by their friends—incidentally most of these tales are highly inaccurate. As a matter of fact psychologists tell us that prolonged soiling and wetting is more common in children who have been subjected to too early and too insistent training than in those whose training has been very late and lax.

Equipment for training

A small toilet chair that sits on the floor is usually easier for the child to use than a small seat on the regular toilet. On the latter he is perched at a considerable height, to him, above the floor and may be frightened by that and also by the flushing. Some babies do accept this arrangement quite happily but to be effective it should have a firm back, arms, a footrest and straps.

When your baby is able to sit up fairly steadily and has his movements at a fairly regular time in the day, you may try putting him on his toilet chair at the time you expect him to have a movement. This, of course, is assuming that he is willing to sit on the chair. You and he need to work together agreeably on this job, so forcing is unwise and should not be attempted.

Try out this scheme for two or three weeks and if you don't seem to be

getting anywhere give it up for two months or so and then try again. If after another few weeks' trial you seem to be making no progress, postpone it again for two or three months. A few babies have their movements regularly after one particular feeding and are relatively easy to train. Their digestive systems just seem to work that way, but there are far more that do not, which does not mean that there is the slightest thing wrong with them.

How to begin training

There are two other ways to help your baby learn. The first is to teach him what a toilet is for. He learns this by seeing other members of his family use it. In this, as in all the rest of his training, he picks up a great deal by imitation. The second is for you to learn from his behavior, if you can, when he is about to have a movement. Often he is very quiet for a minute or so, or he grunts, strains and gets red in the face.

When you do start training, begin very gradually. Leave him on the chair for only a few minutes the first few times, even though nothing happens. As he becomes accustomed to the chair, you can leave him on it for five minutes, but never longer, as babies don't like to sit still and you want to avoid his resentment. Don't be insistent and don't expect results soon. Once he has caught on to the idea, the training will come along all right. When he does have a movement on the chair and you show that you are pleased, he may realize that is what you want and do it again next time. But for quite some time he will soil himself. Don't act disappointed or annoyed when this happens.

Toilet training is one of the first situations in which we ask him to conform to our way of doing things. Learning to co-operate will provide a good foundation for his training in other directions. Remember too that even after he is showing progress in bowel control, a mild illness, a trip away from home or the arrival of a new baby will likely throw him off his schedule. These are just passing setbacks and with patience and a little more affectionate attention, he will soon regain what he has apparently lost.

A baby has no feeling of aversion toward his movements. They are not



Their feet are your responsibility now

Later on, when you don't have to worry about their teeth or their weight or the amount of sleep they get, you can forget about their shoes too. But from birth right up to the age of eighteen, the 52 small bones of their feet are growing, hardening, forming themselves into the pattern that will mean good feet, good posture in later years. Research shoes by Savage are scientifically designed to give room, comfort and guidance to children's soft young feet. Research shoes are good value any way you look at them.

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There are Savage Shoes in every price range. You'll find them under these brand names:

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RED SCHOOL HOUSE • CHUMS
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THE SAVAGE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED • PRESTON • ONTARIO

From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake
Carnation Home
Service Director

REMEMBER YOUR DELIGHT when you first baked a cake with a mix? What a grand, time-saving joy it was . . . and so delicious. Now comes some more big cake-making news. If you use a mix that calls for milk, I know a way you can definitely get a *higher* cake. Yes, a lighter, more tender cake, every time. It's Carnation Evaporated Milk that performs this magic . . . Carnation used a *new* way. Double-rich Carnation, mind you . . . no other form of milk is rich enough. Try this wonderful cake-mix trick soon.

With any cake mix that calls for milk do this —

Instead of ordinary milk, use an equal amount of liquid consisting of 2 parts Carnation Evaporated Milk and 1 part water.

Right now at your grocer's, there's probably a special display of Carnation Milk and cake mix. And there you can get an interesting **FREE** leaflet giving recipes for delicious icings. Get your leaflet — get Carnation and some cake mix — and treat your family to something *super* in cakes.

NOW THAT WE'RE ON

THE SUBJECT OF CAKE, I want to tell you about a wonderful easy-to-make Maple Cream Icing. It's a real "quickie" method for a favorite kind of icing. And because it's made with Carnation Milk, it always turns out creamy rich and super smooth. You see, Carnation is good whole milk concentrated to double-richness. That's why this icing is so much richer than if you made it with any other form of milk. And Carnation is specially heat-refined. So it blends more smoothly and completely with the other recipe ingredients for the best kind of results



"NEVER-FAIL" MAPLE CREAM ICING

(Makes icing for two 8" layers)

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- ½ cup butter
- ¾ cup undiluted Carnation Milk
- Pinch of salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2½ cups (about) sifted icing sugar

Stir brown sugar and butter over low heat until mixture reaches boil. Carefully stir in Carnation Evaporated Milk and continue to stir and cook until mixture reaches boiling point, and boils 4 minutes. Cool, add salt and vanilla. Then add icing sugar to make a mixture of suitable spreading consistency, beating until smoothly blended.

Never run cold water on hot cake pans. Sudden temperature changes may cause warping.



ON COLD DAYS coffee is more heart-warming than ever. Especially when it's "creamed" with Carnation Milk. Undiluted Carnation looks like cream and has the consistency of cream. And despite its low cost, Carnation gives coffee a richer, creamier flavor and a more tempting color. No wonder millions of real coffee lovers prefer Carnation to expensive cream in their coffee. Try "creaming" your coffee with Carnation. You'll see why.

HUSBANDS ARE FUNNY

PEOPLE! You and I spend days dreaming up new dishes for them, yet they still prefer the old favorites . . . like meat balls. So let's fool 'em. Let's make meat balls a wonderful new way . . . with undiluted Carnation Milk. Take it from me. Carnation makes meat balls like you've never had them before . . . super moist, juicy and tender through and through. That's because Carnation is not just rich, but double-rich . . . twice as rich as other forms of milk. Carnation stretches your meat further, too.



JUICY MEAT BALLS

(Makes 12 medium meat balls)

- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 egg
- ¾ cup (1 small can) undiluted Carnation
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup fine bread or cracker crumbs
- ½ cup flour

Combine beef with green pepper, onion, egg, milk and seasonings. Stir in crumbs. Blend well. Roll into medium balls, dip in flour. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Place in casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes.

Imagine milk so rich! Carnation is heavy enough to whip. And even mixed with an equal amount of water to give good whole milk, Carnation is extra smooth, extra rich flavored.

TRY MY FAVORITE SOUP TRICK . . . for the richest, smoothest, most delicious soup your family ever enjoyed. So much more nourishing for the youngsters, too. Here it is:

Use your favorite brand of canned vegetable soup, but instead of water use Carnation Evaporated Milk, undiluted.

LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show, "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week — specially written for this entertaining programme. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE: Carnation's "Velvet Blend Book" of tested recipes, new and old. Write to Dept. 21, Carnation Company Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Newfoundland.



"from Contented Cows"

dirty to him. So if you find him dabbling in it, don't be shocked and scold him. Just quietly clean him up. If you praise him for having a movement and then turn around and scold him, he will be confused.

If his movements seem a little hard, give him prune pulp or juice or more laxative porridge or more vegetable or orange juice. Movements that are so hard that they are painful to pass will interfere with training. A mild laxative such as one to two teaspoonsful of milk of magnesia is better than an enema.

The author is much indebted to the staff of the Department of Psychological Medicine, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, for assistance in preparing this article. ♦

MY CHILDREN

Continued from page 62

they were looking at a heifer caught in a rail fence.

One of my earliest recollections of my town is of the reeve and his wife coming into my office and sitting in a corner until I finished a phone call. When the reeve got up to come over to the counter, he stomped through his wife's legs as if they were wild cucumber vines. He was considerate though. He yelled, without looking at her, "Watch yer feet, Em."

The fact is, I am too old fashioned to want my children to grow up in a small town. I want my boy to grow up to treat his girl friend or his wife with a certain courtesy and deference, if possible. Perhaps he won't. But the odds will be a lot better in the city, because he will at least see a few people who do. But he won't if he has no other example than the youths I see grinning and guffawing at girls and horsing around wrestling with them for schoolbooks, scarves, handbags, or next crack at the pinball machine; or the youths' fathers who lead their wives along the sidewalk like Navajo braves. The small town idea of manliness is physical strength, coarseness, a certain foxy shrewdness, profanity and applejack. I don't want my boy to get the same idea.

And I want my daughter to grow up to expect to be treated the way I hope my son will treat women. I want her to think of herself as something more than a cook and a housewife. I want her to think of herself as a woman. I hope she can bake, too; but if she can't do both I'll give up the apple pie, and try to find her a husband or boy-friend who thinks there is more to marriage than home-cooked meals.

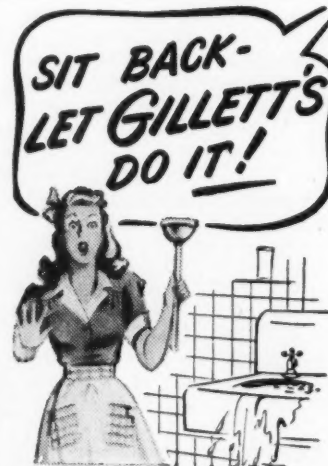
I don't want my children to grow up in a small town because I want them to grow up in an intellectual atmosphere. Not because I am a snob, but because I believe that in the long run the world of ideas and imagination is more lasting, more important, more fun than the world of things and events. But if they find an intellectual idea in a small town it will be a stowaway. The cultural level of a small town never gets above shooting groundhogs. Conversation is about the narrowest kind of politics, who's having a baby, who shouldn't be having a baby, who broke an axle on that soft spot on the fourth, who fell into who's pig trough last New Year's

The Winnipeg Champs — 1952

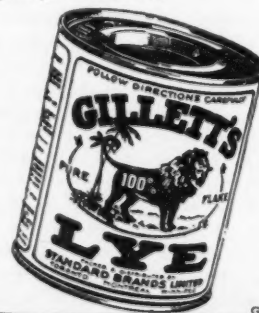


... another Champion is the KIDDIES' OWN SPECIAL JACK and JILL COUGH SYRUP WITH VITAMIN 'C'

Yes, mothers, JACK and JILL Cough Syrup is a wonderful champion. It wins every time over kiddies' coughs and colds. And it wins **FAST**. You see, JACK and JILL is the kiddies' own special medicine. It is the result of special study by Buckley's chemists to find a formula that youngsters will take eagerly and that will stop little one's coughs and colds safely and speedily. So get this champion medicine now — JACK and JILL, the fast, safe, effective children's cough syrup — 50c.



Wishing won't make it flow — and nor will that old fashioned plunger! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of full-strength Gillett's. It cuts that clogging, greasy mess right out of your sink drain, frees the blockage in a hurry! Gillett's is also a grand cleanser and deodorizer. Digs out grime-in dirt; removes toilet stains in a jiffy; leaves everything you use it on fresh-smelling and sanitary. Get Gillett's to lighten *your* housework!



GL-239

Eve, and miscellaneous reflections on cars, stoves, nail kegs, pies, curtains, diapers, knitting, church suppers and gossip. Lots of gossip. Conversation is crude, obvious, unimaginative; humor is as subtle as a false step in a cowfield. Mention anything like "ballet dancer" and they grin at you lewdly from behind their sunburn and think you said "belly dancer." Books, music, painting, ideas and imagination belong to a world as foreign to them as a palm tree. A small town is as physical and earthy as a potato patch.

I don't, under any circumstances, want my children to go to that little red schoolhouse which brings a lump to the throat of so many people who never went to one. What I would like to see happen to that little red schoolhouse is for it to join the bow and arrow and powder horn in the museum. If boys in small towns would push over the little red schoolhouse on Halloween instead of people's backhouses (they actually still do that in small towns) they would be getting somewhere.

And here again I want to be very definitely understood. Some of the teachers who have taught my children since I came to this town I include among the nation's unsung heroines, far more important and valuable and worthy, in my opinion, than the newest boy wonder who just borrowed a million bucks to finance his latest brain wave; women who have the spirit, if not the training and facilities, of advanced child education, and who do a magnificent job in spite of handicaps that would have a lot of city teachers resigning every morning. These women have my sympathy and respect, but I don't want my children to have to share their tough luck. That little red schoolhouse

is understaffed, overcrowded, poorly lighted, poorly heated, poorly ventilated, inadequately equipped and poorly supervised.

In our school boys and girls eat their lunches alone, down in the basement, unsupervised except in a very casual manner by somebody like a caretaker. In the school my children attend, they refuse to use the toilet (downstairs, with running water) because it is so inexpressibly dirty that it even impresses the kids. I don't want my children to

have to share the tough luck of a community that can't be any more progressive than its parents who treat education like religion—something to treat with respect, tip your hat to, put on a clean shirt for once a week, but nothing to be taken seriously. I don't want my children to be taught in the same room as three or four other grades, and to try to get instruction from a woman who has to deal singlehanded with great apple-knockers of boys whose parents are just letting them stay in

school until the law will permit them to be taken out and put behind a plow.

And, remember, I am talking about the bright side. I am talking about teachers I respect. I am not talking about the many run-of-the-mill, underpaid, undereducated, semi-illiterate traditional country schoolteachers who wouldn't be able to write a third or fourth-form high school examination and who would shy from a new thought like a filly from a flapping newspaper.

One of the reasons I don't want my



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WE ARE proud that so many thousands of mothers give Heinz so much credit for helping their babies grow bouncing and big. But it's no wonder babies thrive on Heinz Baby Foods. Such an abundance of thought and care and skill goes into their preparation . . . and such a heap of good, good food. The four Heinz

Pre-Cooked Cereals are made from the choicest grains. And the wonderfully wide range of Heinz Strained Baby Foods and Heinz Junior Foods put the best of nourishing meat and vegetables, fruits and desserts into baby's tummy. Feed your baby digestible, natural-flavour Heinz Baby Foods and watch the pounds pile up.

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Little cakes like these are versatile as can be! But be sure you make them as tender and delicate as possible, with reliable Swans Down Cake Flour. Only then can they live up to their temptingly lovely frostings!



But Only With Swans Down

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Carousel Cup Cakes

To Mix: Make the "Happy Day Cake" on the back of the Swans Down Cake Flour package.

To Bake: Use batter to half-fill greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven — 375° F. — about 20 minutes. Makes 18 large cup cakes.

To Frost: Make a white Seven Minute Frosting: In top of a double boiler, put 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, dash of salt, 5 tbsps. cold water, 1½ tps. light corn syrup. Mix thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat constantly with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer). Cook 7 minutes, or until frosting stands in peaks. Remove from boiling water. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat to spreading consistency. Divide frosting in 4 parts. Tint 2 parts pastel pink and green. Add melted Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate to one. Leave one plain. A wonderful variety!

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CAKE FLOUR



children to grow up in a small town is that it's too small. In a city of, say, a million population, if only half of one per cent of the people preferred Bach to bowling, it would still leave five thousand people who can get together to enjoy more spiritual pursuits. But in a town of eight thousand, even if the ratio were the same, it would leave a choice of eight people, and, of those, a couple wouldn't like you, one would be mad at you, and the other five would spend their spare time in the city, which reduces the odds to about zero. The result is that everyone in a small town is reduced to the lowest common denominator, which is too low for me. By the same token, there are lots of louts in a city too—but because it's a big place you can dodge them. You aren't stuck with them as you are in a small place.

Only the Children Read

I want my children to have access to libraries, museums and theatres, but they would never get anything but a fourth-rate imitation in a small town. People fighting for cultural developments in a small community face a losing, heartbreaking struggle with an indifferent, rural outlook that has its roots down deep in the good earth. The librarian in my town is one of the saddest characters I've ever met, a serious, sincere old-fashioned woman who looks like Lydia Pinkham but who happens to have very modern ideas about education. She sits in her library alone at night with her pitiful little store of dusty, musty, outdated, donated books and does her best to get the people interested. The heartbreaking part of it is that practically her only customers are children, who take to reading naturally if they are given a chance. But she knows that it is just a matter of time before home environment will win out and the children stop coming.

About the time I first came here, she



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This needle etching and cross stitch sampler in royal colors or monotone stamped on fine quality cotton, fits 16 in. x 12 in. frame. Sampler is 75 cents. Colored thread 25 cents extra. Monotone 5 cents extra. Order No. C 66.

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with the latest flattering hairstyle, dressed for day-long confidence in the firm caress of

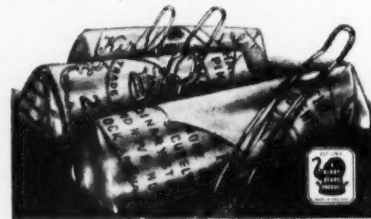
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for BABY'S TUMMY UPSETS

Give Baby's Own Tablets. Sweet, simple little tablets. Used for over 50 years to quickly help relieve minor digestive upsets, gas, constipation and teething troubles. Quickly sweeten sour stomach. No "sleepy" stuff — no dulling effect. Get a package today at your druggist.



BABY'S OWN TABLETS

BEST FOR BABY'S COLDS

BABY'S OWN COUGH SYRUP



Precious Time... Don't Waste it!

Let Sani-Flush save your housekeeping time. Cleans toilet bowls quick... no work, no messy scrubbing. It not only cleans chemically but disinfects—and removes the invisible film that gathers in all toilet bowls. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush



for a
REALLY CLEAN toilet bowl

NOW—She Laughs at age

Springtime in her heart again! New-found gaiety, peppy energy. A new, alive woman—sparkling eyes, better color, fresh, calm youthfulness—has replaced the worn, tired look. No wonder life has taken on new interests. Yes, thousands of once faded women, weary from blood-iron poverty, have bloomed anew with the help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills yourself for 30 days! Enjoy new health, pep and energy. Start today! Get back "in the pink" with



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS



arranged an exhibit of children's art in the window of the weekly newspaper office. I'll never forget the comments of the parents I used to see looking at them. They made me want to cry for all the small-town kids in the world. I don't mean because they didn't appreciate the children's efforts. Most city people don't appreciate them either. But city people have more civilized instincts, and they at least sense that a youngster's attempt to express himself deserves a respectful audience. What I saw was complete and utter ridicule. They laughed. They nudged one another. They shuffled and scuffled and looked embarrassed and said the drawings resembled fried eggs, sunsets upside down, scarecrows and old Uncle Zeke who was buried last Christmas Day. The corn grew so thick around the librarian's little art show that it hid the freshness, the imagination, the wonderful uninhibited expressiveness of the pictures. One night I took them down and gave them back to the kids.

I don't want my children to grow up in a small town because there is nothing

☆ ☆ ☆

FRUSTRATION

By M. E. Drew

Tears for the bird that can't
escape the shell,

For the word unspoken.

O I am beset by a thought that
will not break

Out of the heart, though the
heart itself be broken.

How many times has the pen been
poised to the book,

For how many barren years?

And onto the wistful page waiting
the passionate ode,

Tears.

☆ ☆ ☆

to do there. About those wholesome activities of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn I wouldn't know, except for Huck's smoking. The kids in my town smoke like fiends, from about eight up. And I don't mean willow leaves. They don't even roll their own. I haven't looked closely, but I wouldn't be surprised if they were smoking cork tips. All I do know is that neither my kids, nor any other kids I've seen here have ever built a raft, discovered a cave or caught a trout since we arrived. All the trout are caught by fishermen from the city with expensive equipment, who go back to fat-salaried jobs printing calendars with pictures of little boys who catch fish with bent pins.

What the kids do in my town is sit in the dirtiest restaurant I have ever seen in my life with the decor of an old

Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With More Comfort

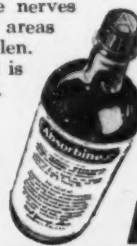
FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

Relieve the PRESSURE of Rheumatic Pain!



● No need to suffer when rheumatic pain strikes. There's a way to relieve that tense, pressing agony—and quickly!

Doctors generally tell you that rheumatic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become sore and swollen. That torture you feel is Nature's call for help.



For blessed relief—in a hurry—rub Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas. This famous pain-chasing liniment actually helps to counter pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time, it warms and soothes those sore spots. You'll be amazed at how fast it works.

Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for the quick, comforting relief it brings from rheumatic and neuralgic pain, from sore, aching muscles. Only \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug counters. Get Absorbine Jr. today.

W. F. Young Inc., Lyman House, Montreal

ABSORBINE JR.

Come to Britain in Coronation Year



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. Come and explore historic, hospitable Britain. Pictured above are old-world cottages at the Church Steps, Minehead, Somerset.

Coronation year in Britain! From early Spring to late fall, a year of colour and pageantry, crowded with Royal occasions. Whenever you come... wherever you go—in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland or Wales... this is the year of years to visit old-world Britain! Food now, is plentiful in Britain, in hotels and restaurants. Favourable exchange rates give your dollars extra value in shops, hotels, theatres and on transportation. Plan your trip now—make enquiries regarding early reservations—without delay. For literature and all information about Britain, see your travel agent—or write direct to The British Travel Association. (Dept. CT/2) 372 Bay Street, Toronto, or 331 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.

Come to Britain

Doctor does good Deed

Good news for women
in the field of monthly
sanitary protection

Physician invents Tampax
for internal use



Speaking practically, not many recent inventions have benefited women more than Tampax. Perfected by a doctor for monthly use, Tampax is based on the recognized medical principle of internal absorption. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in disposable applicators, Tampax is readily and comfortably inserted. In fact, the wearer cannot feel its presence!



Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky external pads. With Tampax there is no

odor or chafing. Not bulges or ridges under close-fitting dresses. You can wear Tampax while swimming and during tub or shower bath! It is really a wonderful invention!



The small size of Tampax allows you to carry a month's supply in your purse; also disposal is made particularly easy. So you see Tampax is designed in many ways to take the load off your mind on "those days". . . . At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.

"Trade Mark Reg'd"



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
Brampton, Ontario.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of
Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size
is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ M-12-100

broom closet, and drink cokes and coffee that tastes as if it was piped in from a cistern and listen to second-rate records on a third-rate juke box. They do skate on the river in winter, which is about the closest thing to the ideal of rural life I have seen since I came here, and in summer they swim in the same place.

The old swimming hole might make a prize-winning photograph, too. But to me it will always be the place where I saw them pull out a little boy who had been lying on the bottom twenty-five minutes before his brother stepped on him, and where the only time I went with my kids, I heard profanity down on that muddy river bank that would have made Huck Finn turn green. Don't get me wrong. I don't think these boys were any different from boys anywhere. But the point is, I would not let my children swim just anywhere if I lived in the city. I would send them to a supervised beach or swimming pool. In my town they have to go to the old swimming hole if they want to swim.

They Stand and Stare

I don't want my children to grow up in such a cultural desert, to be so destitute of interests, that they will grow up into people who make a lifetime's work out of minding other people's business. I never want to see my children stare. In my town everyone stares at everyone else. Even the dogs turn around and stare at one another. Since I came to this town I have been stared at from every angle, height and point of view. I have been stared at in squares, clubs and diamonds. I have been stared at when the leaves were turning to crimson and I have been stared at when the first tender shoot of barley peeped from the earth. I've been

stared at harvest time and sowing time and in spring, summer, fall and winter and I sometimes wonder if the people who do the staring are connected underground by long roots, like strawberry plants.

Tapping the Party Line

I don't want my daughter ever to grow up to be a woman with such a poverty-stricken mind that she would consider it fun to listen in on a telephone. There are a lot of jokes about people listening in on rural telephones. Small-town people encourage the jokes because they think it might make people think there's nothing to it. But it's no joke. Everyone listens in. The first time I made a phone call from the city to my wife, I heard so many babies crying I thought she had started a nursery.

I don't ever want to see my children learn to sit. Or "jest set" as they say in quaint movies. Scattering Baines and other stories of crusty, lovable old folks characters. It has created the myth that people in small towns are relaxed. But these people aren't relaxed. They're dead. Like strong, silent men. It took me quite a while to find out why they were silent. It's because they've nothing to say.

All in all, as far as I'm concerned, the small town can be left on the calendars and Christmas cards. It may be a utopia for the artist, it may be the only way of life possible for the farmer, it may even be an essential part of the Canadian scene. And it certainly comes in handy for politicians who come from small towns, because there is a myth that nothing bad can come out of a small town. Maybe not, but there's plenty stays in them. Which is one reason why I'm taking my children out of one as soon as I can find a job in a big city. +

WHERE'S JUNIOR?



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Bring on your toughest cleaning job—especially one your present cleanser can't do. Away go stubborn stains, burned-on grease, ground-in dirt—quickly, safely!

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You've seen how wispy foam falls down on the job. But rich New Old Dutch suds tackle dirt, grease, grime in hard or soft water—soak them up and float them down the drain!

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Use wonderfully improved, snowy-white New Old Dutch—the one and only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite! Save time, steps, money—buy 2 cans. Keep New Old Dutch handy in kitchen and bath.



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